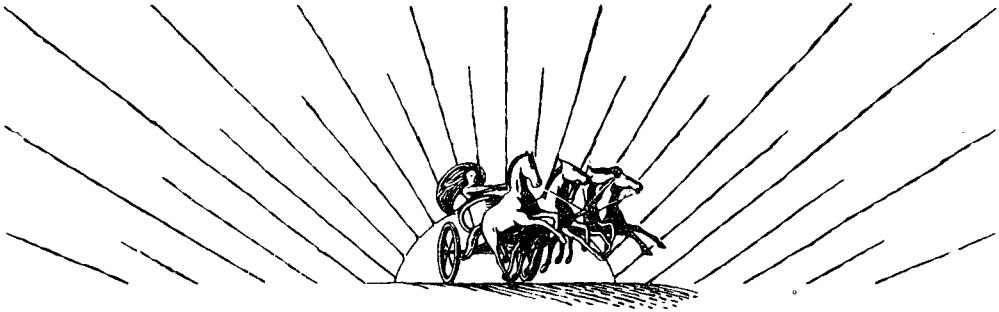

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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The author has spent several years in charge of Chinese missions in Honolulu, and of Japanese missions in Seattle. For twenty years he has been Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature in the University of Washington at Seattle. He is a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, of the Royal Asiatic Society, a member of the American Oriental Society, and the author of numerous books.

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NEXT WEEK

THE GIST OF LOCARNO — *By Ramsay MacDonald*

Exactly how much did the Locarno Treaty do for international peace? The former Prime Minister of England's Labor Government denies that it accomplished all that has been claimed for it, but credits it with some very definite contributions.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN FRANCE

By Ludovic Naudeau

Parliamentary institutions are on trial to-day in France. One of her most famous journalists holds that the trouble is not with the institutions themselves, but with what he calls the 'manners' of his countrymen. He casts his vote, however, against a dictatorship.

DIPLOMACY—A JAPANESE OPINION

By Masanao Hanihara

Democracy has put a special strain on diplomatic methods and diplomatic standards. The late Japanese Ambassador at Washington discusses the problem in the light of his exceptional knowledge and prolonged experience.

THORNS ON THE HIBISCUS — *By Elizabeth Baker*

Some clear-sighted realist is always pointing out that, if the climate of Paradise is unexceptionable, the company there leaves much to be desired. This Englishwoman went off to the South Seas with her mind full of Stevenson's idyllic descriptions of Samoa, and was disenchanted swiftly and almost completely.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — *MARCH 27, 1926* — NO. 4264

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE TURMOIL AT GENEVA

THE crisis at Geneva, which is at its height as these lines are written, overshadows all other European news, national or international, at the moment, and justifies, even at the risk of repetition, a restatement of press opinion from the countries principally concerned. Speaking for France, *Le Temps* thinks anyone naïve 'who imagines that Germany has endorsed the policies of Geneva and Locarno in the interests of general peace,' and argues that the Powers have a perfect right to make Germany's admission to the Council subject to the reorganization of that body. 'It is a question that has been discussed at Geneva and in the press for more than two years. Is n't it quite logical to take advantage of Germany's application to arrange the matter and to give the Council its final constitution?' Against this thesis *Berliner Tageblatt*, which is a pro-League daily, says: —

The constitution of the League Council is not the point at issue. It is possible that the Council should be reformed; but hitherto one principle has been unquestioned: the permanent members were to be Great Powers. This automatically involved the recognition that Germany would receive a permanent seat when she joined the League. The same thing would occur if the Soviet Union or the United States were to become members. But the suggestion to give Poland, Spain, or Brazil permanent seats involves changing the fundamental idea of the Council.

Frankfurter Zeitung, another Liberal organ, adopts the same position: —

Disregarding the anti-German tendencies that have unquestionably influenced some of our country's enemies. the whole dispute is over two distinct questions which have not the slightest connection with each other: the fulfillment of a promise unconditionally made to Germany to give her a permanent seat in the Council; and the reorganization of the Council itself, which has been agitated for several years by those who do not like its present constitution. The first point we cannot discuss. The German Government must insist that the promise be fulfilled. . . . The only object for which the special meeting of the Council was called is to receive Germany into the League. That meeting should not raise questions that lie outside its

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original purpose. . . . The reorganization of the Council should be postponed until the next regular session, which occurs under the constitution in September, when every member of the League will be prepared to have its say.

Spain's attitude is thus voiced by *El Sol*, a Liberal-Nationalist daily of Madrid: —

Two antagonistic principles are fighting for supremacy inside the League: the aristocratic principle of the Great Powers, and the democratic principle of the smaller Powers. It may have been necessary to classify the members thus when the League was organized and during the first steps of its development. But so far as natural right and the League's main purpose are concerned, such a distinction between Great Powers and smaller Powers is absurd and self-contradictory. Unless the League of Nations succeeds in adopting a truly democratic constitution, its future will be continually compromised. It will be an organization to favor the strong. . . . The military and naval strength of a country does not necessarily bear any direct relation to its service to the ends of peace, for which the League of Nations stands. Quite the contrary, the weaker Powers are likely to be the most active laborers in behalf of international peace, because their instinct of self-preservation compels them to be so. Consequently their exclusion from the Council as permanent members cannot be approved either on the grounds of justice or of efficiency. The only equitable solution would be to abolish permanent seats altogether and to give the Assembly power to elect all the Council members.

Pertinax, writing in *L'Écho de Paris*, disposes of Lord Grey's objection that to make Poland a permanent member of the Council would constitute a return to the old system of alliances, and a betrayal of the Locarno spirit, with a virtual declaration that the Locarno spirit ought to be betrayed: —

The principal object of the Locarno Agreement is to make it impossible for France to conclude any alliance, even the simplest military convention. Having accomplished this and thereby deprived us of the agencies of defense that proved our salvation in 1914, some English statesmen would like to push their advantage to the utmost. They refuse us the right of advocating the admission into the League Council of a nation whose interests accord with our own, under the pretext that it would disturb the 'régime of unanimity' under which we should henceforth live with Germany. Unquestionably, in the bottom of their hearts they are quite aware that such unanimity will be purchased at the expense of the little States of Eastern Europe. . . . However this may be, France cannot survive without alliances face to face with that great, secret, and powerful alliance that is called Pan-Germanism throughout Eastern and Central Europe. Sooner or later a balance of power will become imperative and will destroy the work of Locarno.

Well-informed nonpartisan British opinion is nowhere better expressed than by the London *Economist* in its comment upon Sir Austen Chamberlain's 'surprising and disquieting' speech at Birmingham on February 23: —

'He declared that "on the occasion of the reconstruction of the Council, which the entry of Germany involved, there had arisen inevitably and unavoidably the question of what the future composition of the Council ought to be": and he tried to parry the criticism that this implied an attempt to counterbalance Germany's influence (a policy which, it is satisfactory to note in passing, he repudiated) by submitting that these other claims to permanent seats had been under discussion before the admission of Germany became practical politics. He denied that the simultaneous grant of permanent seats to other Powers besides Germany would be contrary

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to the spirit of Locarno, and "claimed that if anyone was familiar with the understanding at Locarno it was himself."

'That is Sir Austen Chamberlain's case; but he was silent on one pertinent question which his defense raises, and by which it stands or falls. If, as he maintains, the conferment of permanent seats upon other Powers had been canvassed so long and so often that the whole composition of the Council was recognized, among its members, as being in the melting-pot by the time of the Locarno Conference, was this highly relevant fact in the situation frankly and fully explained to Germany? Was she warned that, while a permanent seat on the Council was assured to her, the Council itself was probably on the point of becoming a different body, with a different composition from the Council of 1920–1925?

'If this warning was given, and if Germany signed the Locarno Agreements with full knowledge of it, then Sir Austen Chamberlain's case is morally sound — though we still feel strongly that any considerable enlargement of the Council would gravely weaken it and not strengthen it, as Sir Austen asserted that it would in his speech on Tuesday. But was Germany given fair warning? The British Foreign Secretary has not yet affirmed this, and the German Government has emphatically denied it. Unless Sir Austen Chamberlain can clear this up, he rests under the imputation of having come to a secret understanding with France, either before or during the Locarno Conference, without Germany's knowledge. If that unfortunately proved true, it would be tantamount to having induced Germany to sign the Locarno Agreements under false pretenses. In that case, Sir Austen's claim that "if anyone was familiar with the understanding of Locarno it was himself" would assume a very sinister meaning. It would mean that Locarno was not at all what the German Government and nation believed it to be, or what the British nation believed it to be. It would mean that in 1925, as in 1919, the saving spirit of reconciliation and reconstruction had had its wings clipped secretly by the statesmen of the principal Allied Powers before it had been let out of its cage and given leave to fly if it could.'

❦

SOME FOREIGN COMTEMPORARIES

To a journal like the *Living Age*, which is called upon occasionally to reconcile eighty-year-old traditions with modern exigencies, the intimate little causerie in which the editors of the London *Spectator* notify their readers of their intention, not to change the color of their cover, but to take the far more radical step of donning for the first time any cover, strikes a responsive chord. They approach this delicate subject of apparel with the following well-weighed introduction: —

'It is not easy, nor is it always desirable, to make even a slight change in a paper. People have become used to seeing a paper produced in a particular shape and a particular manner, and, as the saying is, they "know their way about it." The feeling of proprietors is similarly shy of changes, because those who own things, whatever their principles may be in politics and the other affairs of life, are notoriously conservative about their own belongings. Thus no one is more commonly opposed to change than the man who owns land, or the schoolboy or the soldier or the sailor, each of whom has grown up to regard his school, or his regiment, or his ship as in a real sense belonging to him. We too do not make a change in the

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Spectator without having carefully weighed the pros and cons.'

The purpose of this innovation is not to exchange the old-time black and white for the colors of the rainbow or the sunset. The new cover will be 'of the ordinary paper, bearing the name of the *Spectator* and an advertisement.' Thus conservatively does one enter on the downward path. Nor is this step taken willfully and entirely of the editors' own initiative. Several complaints have reached them, 'especially from old readers whose opinions we value,' that the *Spectator*, after being read and handed about a good deal, 'is apt to become untidy.' But now comes another consideration. 'A great many readers have written us against interleaved advertisements' — an abomination to which the *Living Age* has not hitherto succumbed. Until the war the *Spectator* kept these necessary evils discreetly hidden at the end of its 'pure reading-matter.' But circumstances have greatly changed. Instead of a profit on every copy of the *Spectator*, apart from advertising revenue, as there was before the war, 'the cost of producing the *Spectator* is now more than three times what it used to be, yet the price of the *Spectator* is still sixpence. In no industry, we believe, has the cost of production risen so much as in the printing trade; not only does it cost much more than formerly to print the paper, but the cost of paper itself is much higher. Under these conditions we could not possibly give our readers the variety of articles and reviews which we now publish every week . . . unless we were enabled to do it by our advertisement revenue. Advertisers are willing to pay a higher rate for advertisements which, as the technical phrase is, "face matter" — that is to say, which are interleaved.'

But lest advertisers take offense at so many apologetics, the editors assure us that 'there is no reason why every advertisement should not be almost a work of art. . . . The philosophy, the uses, and the methods of advertising' interest them intensely: —

'We live, it is said, in an age of advertisement. We cannot escape from it; the right thing to do is to inspire and use it and bend it to our will so that we get all its advantages without futility or vulgarity. Most people do not understand even now how much the public depends upon advertisements. Advertisements simplify life for everyone. They make buying easier because readers of advertisements have in their memories a ready-made catalogue of what there is to buy. If advertisements suddenly stopped, people would, we think, be almost staggered by the difference which the absence would make. In trade we should seem to have taken a step back into the Dark Ages. . . . Finally, advertisements are an enormous benefit to the public for this reason. By continually making the goods advertised better known, they increase the sales of those goods, and it thus becomes possible to produce them more cheaply. The greater the amount produced, the lower the cost of individual production. In brief, from the point of view of the readers of a paper, advertisements ought to be eagerly encouraged. They provide the wherewithal for a larger and better paper. A larger and better paper brings more readers; and the more readers there are, the more are advertisers willing to advertise. This brings in still more revenue, which in its turn makes possible further improvements in the paper. Here indeed is a beneficial circle.'

A still more venerable colleague, *Le Figaro* of Paris, comes to our desk with the announcement that it is 'one hundred years young.' This centenarian boast is a trifle premature. Its

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first issue appeared on July 16, 1826, as a four-page weekly; and it carried in its infancy a cover design, representing the Figaro of Beaumarchais, his razor in his right hand, his left holding the nose of Bartholo emerging like a Matterhorn from a snowy expanse of lather, and bearing this legend: *Raillant les sots, bravant les méchants et faisant la barbe à tout le monde.* . . . Today this great daily, whose owner and political editor, Senator François Coty, is better known in America for his perfumery than for his press interests, represents the Nationalist Radicals and shows few survivals of the picaresque spirit of its youth.

At the other end of the Paris press gamut stands *Le Quotidien*, three years old on the twelfth of February, and already one of the widest read and oftenest quoted papers of the French capital. It contrives to be sensational in its editorial columns and fairly conservative in its news columns. Espousing the cause of the Cartel, it is none the less a cutting critic of that body's internal dissensions and remissness. Picture the conventional, hard-bitten American editor thus addressing his readers on the third birthday of his journal: 'We have tried to make our paper more sympathetic, more generous, more humane than newspapers commonly are. We have sought to make it a mouthpiece of incessant protest against life's harshness, inequalities, and indifference. We have sought through it to address a continuous appeal to mankind in behalf of mutual helpfulness, justice, and goodness.'

*

IMMIGRATION AND LABOR IN FRANCE

A BRIEF dispatch in the London *Daily Herald* describing an attack made by two hundred unemployed French laborers on ninety Polish laborers engaged in repairing a railway line near Paris, in which several Poles were critically injured, calls attention to what may prove an embarrassing condition should a wave of unemployment like that from which Great Britain and Germany are suffering sweep across the neighboring republic. According to the Paris correspondent of *L'Indépendance Belge*, there are more than two million alien laborers in France. In order to cope with this flood, the French are trying to make naturalization easy for the newcomers. Three years' residence suffices to win citizenship, but even twelve months is enough for a man who shows exceptional ability. A Frenchwoman retains her nationality on marriage to a foreigner. This may lead to a rapid assimilation of the Poles, who are mostly single men and are living in a country not contiguous to their own. But the Italians, who migrate to France in families and who settle close to the frontier of their native land, in districts which their countrymen regard as historically belonging to Italy, present a different problem. It is not yet three score years and ten since Nice and Savoy were Italian — and historical accidents and plebiscites have alluring possibilities.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* tells us that this foreign invasion is 'getting on the nerves of the French.' The nation is unsettled by a feeling 'that people of other races are quietly laying hold of bits of their country, and penetrating their national existence, without their being able to prevent it. France cannot afford to follow the example of the United States and close her doors to aliens. She needs them too badly.' But even this need does not make them welcome.

Of the newcomers, the Italians, who number over eight hundred thousand, are the most numerous. Next in order

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come the Poles, of whom there are about 310,000, and to whom should be added over 150,000 Russians, Czechoslovaks, Serbs, and other Slavs. Polish immigration has been organized by big employing interests in France and is in the nature of contract labor. The Italians come largely in the guise of tenants and settlers, and they are so numerous in the southern departments that a local observer compares their incoming to 'a new Roman conquest of Gaul. . . . They are a State within a State. The men come first, obtain regular employment, and buy or hire on the share tenancy system a bit of abandoned land. They return to Italy for their families and settle down as French farmers.' It is doubtful, however, whether they will be able to maintain their *Italianità*, despite Mussolini's vigorous effort to keep Italy's swarming brood under his own wing. The children go to the French schools, and their cultural and religious affinity to the Southern French facilitates their absorption. Moreover, like the bulk of the laboring class, they are not enthusiastic Fascisti.

A correspondent of *Corriere della Sera*, perhaps speaking in the interest of Italian landlords, is inclined to belittle this movement and to doubt its advisability. He says: 'The capacity of Southeastern France to absorb our agricultural workers has been vastly exaggerated. We hear it said that there is room in these departments for a hundred thousand or even three hundred thousand more Italians. But where are houses to be found for so many new settlers? Certainly no one thinks of building cottages for them at present, and such tenements as are available are cramped, unsanitary, and inadequate.'

AT THE LEAGUE COUNCIL

NURSE MARIANNE (with Poland and Czechoslovakia in her arms and Spain tugging at her skirts). 'Shove along, gentlemen. I've got to have room for these kids.' — *New Leader*, London

THE LOCARNO SPIRIT

INTERESTED BYSTANDER. 'Do you call that peace and harmony?'

— *La Tribune*, Rome

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WHY AMERICA PROSPERS[1]

EXTRACTS FROM THE BRITISH ENGINEERS' REPORT

BY BERTRAM AUSTIN AND W. FRANCIS LLOYD

[We print below salient paragraphs from the confidential report upon American prosperity made by two well-known British engineers to their association. It records the results of their investigations of some seventeen of our leading engineering-plants, supplemented by visits to several banks and technological institutions and interviews with leading business-men.]

After a careful examination of the general conditions obtaining in the country, we have come to the conclusion that the present prosperity can be traced to the adoption of, *and strict adherence to*, a few cardinal principles in the *management* of industrial enterprises. While the chief credit is given to the American manufacturer for this prosperity, several other factors have undoubtedly contributed, among which may be mentioned the good prices obtained for crops, the low debt burden and low general taxation, the improvement in the banking-services to the community, and the far-sighted policy of the Government in not allowing a credit expansion based on the gold influx, thus preventing the rise in the general level of prices anticipated by Europe.

America has hit upon the secret of prosperity owing to the fact that the scarcity of labor forced her, out of sheer necessity, to adopt time- and trouble-saving devices, but in many quarters in Great Britain American prosperity is attributed to the wealth of her natural resources, her considerable home market, and the influx of gold.

Exhaustive inquiries and observations disclosed the operation of a uniform policy of industrial management based on some fundamental principles. Among the more important of these principles the following emerged: —

1. It is more advantageous to increase total profits by reducing prices to the consumer, at the same time maintaining or improving quality, with a consequent increase in the volume of sales.

2. The productive capacity per capita of labor can be increased without limit according to the progress made in time- and trouble-saving appliances.

3. Rapidity of turnover makes for small capital requirements, both funded and working capital — that is, the capital required for shop space (including equipment) and the finance of work in progress.

4. It is better that labor should be rewarded by wages bearing some relation to output, the amount of the wages earned by any one man being in no way limited. Contrary to the general belief in Europe, high wages do not necessarily mean a high level of prices. It is to the advantage of the

[1] From the *Review of Reviews* (London Liberal bimonthly) *February* 15–*March* 15

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community that the policy of industrial management should be directed toward raising wages and reducing prices.

5. It is important that every possible attention be paid to the welfare of employees.

6. A free exchange of ideas between competing firms should be advocated.

7. The success of an enterprise is, in a large measure, dependent upon a strict adherence to the policy of promotion of staff by merit and ability only.

8. Research and experimental work are of prime importance to progress.

9. Elimination of waste is an essential factor in the attainment of national prosperity.

. . . With the progress of invention and with the greater reliability and accuracy of machines it is very clearly realized in America that no limit can be set to the output which can be attained by one man. It therefore becomes important to keep in close touch with inventions and improvements in machinery and after satisfactory trials to adopt the improvements with the least delay. Since this is such an important factor with American manufacturers, what appears to European industrialists to be ruthless and wholesale scrapping of plant is nothing more than a normal means of progress. Depreciation charges therefore figure largely in the accounts of an American manufacturing business. We would illustrate this by mentioning the case of the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation, whose real estate, plant, mines, and equipment are valued at $153,000,000. During the year ending December 31, 1924, this corporation allocated no less than $81,400,000 to depreciation, obsolescence, and the like. Incidentally we may add that the corporation in the same year paid an eighty-per-cent dividend on its common stock, and has, during the last three or four years, freed itself of its prior charge obligations. It was mentioned to us, by the president of this corporation, that it was often found to be more advantageous, when scrapping plant, to abandon the buildings and machinery rather than to incur the expense of dismantling.

With the constant introduction of new machinery the productivity per capita of labor is being steadily increased, and this point alone is of supreme importance in the examination of the causes that have led to America's prevailing prosperity.

We would mention, as an illustration of what has been accomplished in this direction, that at the Power Station of the River Rouge Plant of the Ford Motor Company one man only is employed to control the stoking of each battery of four coal- and gas-fired boilers which raises steam for 70,000 horsepower. A further instance is afforded by the Colt Patent Firearms Manufacturing Company, where, in one of the shops, one man attends to eight milling machines for small parts. Again, at the Lincoln Motor Car Company, Detroit, one shop containing seventy-eight machine tools is operated entirely by twenty-two men. This number includes the necessary supervision and inspection. To turn to an entirely different type of business, we noted, while going through the whole organization of the First National Bank at Boston, that a clerk in the metal-currency department was able, by means of a machine, to count and pack into five-dollar cartons four thousand dollars' worth of ten-cent silver-pieces an hour. Throughout the organization we noticed no member of the staff making handwritten entries of any description, calculating and ledger-posting machines being universally employed.

Developments in time- and trouble-

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saving appliances are mainly in two directions —

1. In the invention of machines to do more accurate and skilled work.

2. The increased use of conveyors and other mechanical means for reducing the amount of labor required for handling.

It is accepted in America that the higher the wages labor is able to earn the better it is for the community as a whole, since it enables the workingman to raise his standard of living. Better wages enable him to obtain a few of the comforts of life, and these stimulate his desire for more comforts, and even luxuries. The logical outcome of this state of things is that he is incited to greater effort in his productive capacity.

Any rise in the standard of living provides a country with an increased home market, the importance of which should not be underestimated. Primarily the wealth of a country depends upon the productivity per capita of its population. Therefore the adoption of any means tending to increase the productivity per capita will, *ipso facto*, increase the national wealth.

We have attempted to show how the application of this principle is of advantage to the community. Turning to the employer, it is fairly obvious that if his men are paid a wage bearing some relation to their output, together with a clear understanding that no limit will ever be placed on the actual weekly earnings of any one man, an incentive to work is provided of no mean importance, since it reduces the need for supervision and it encourages the men to use their ability in the direction of devising more efficient shop-methods and eliminating waste. Nothing but the greatest harm can be done by cutting the piece rate, once established for a particular job, as this immediately destroys the confidence of the men in the employers and proves that the employers do not desire to see higher wages. From the men's point of view they are in a position to increase their own earning in accordance with the aptitude they possess. We may mention that all the workmen we observed during our tour appeared to be happy and contented, and were not by any means rushed in their work.

The application of this principle in America is responsible for concentrating the energies of both management and labor upon the same objective. The identity of interests thus established leads to an improvement in the relations between employer and employed and results in close coöperation between them for the benefit of the enterprise. The General Electric Company, at Schenectady, has a Works' Council composed of a body of workmen and officials elected by secret ballot. Meetings are held once a month, when all questions relating to shop methods and practice, rates of pay, hours of labor, welfare, and other items are discussed. The chair is taken by the general manager.

When the above state of affairs is firmly established in a business the employees clearly understand that the raising of wages forms part of the policy of the employers aiming at larger profits through increased turnover. Conversely, any organization of labor which has for its policy the restriction of output or the raising of wages without regard to output aims a direct blow at the prosperity of industry and therefore of the men themselves. . . .

We were much impressed by the consideration given to the question of the welfare of the workmen at the various plants we visited. Safety devices and the increased hospital services have resulted in a marked diminution in absenteeism on account of injuries and sickness. The pro-

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ductivity per capita is so high that a great loss is suffered by the employer when a man is absent. In a large number of works, also, the management ensures that the men obtain the best procurable meals and household provisions at the minimum prices. Provision stores are seen at many works, and they are operated on a profitless basis. At the Ford plants men of all grades find it economical to make their entire food-purchases at the stores provided in the works. Incidentally, the Ford employees obtain as much as they desire for their midday meal for fifteen cents. It is significant that the turnover of the Ford provision stores is no less than $9,000,000 per annum.

Again, it is very general for every member of the staff to have a steel locker for his clothes and other belongings for safety and cleanliness during the day. So much attention has been paid in America to the desirable attributes of cleanliness, comfort, safety, and light that we were agreeably surprised to see the very congenial surroundings in which the men work. We may instance the boiler-room at the River Rouge Plant, Detroit, where the floor is not only spotlessly clean but is even highly polished, while the stokers themselves wear white-cotton suits and white-canvas shoes. At the same plant even the blast-furnace operators worked in perfectly clean and dustless surroundings.

No dust from grinding machines or emery wheels is allowed to enter a workshop, but is withdrawn from the machines by draft tubes. The sawdust from woodworking machines is disposed of in the same way. We were surprised to find the extent to which the maximum possible window-space was utilized in the design of shop buildings.

Attention to the welfare of employees builds up an *esprit de corps* in the organization and provides it with a 'soul.'

The Americans have never believed in the theory that executive ability is inherited. In every case, before substantive promotion is made ability must be definitely proved. On the other hand, when mistakes are made, or lack of functioning ability is shown, there is no hesitation in reducing in grade or removing the incompetent. It is easier to remove a man who does not efficiently control the machinery than to remove the machines; there should, therefore, never be any hesitation in dealing with an inefficient member of the staff. Since it is contrary to American practice to retain elderly men in executive positions, one is not surprised to find, in industrial America, that the majority of responsible positions are held by comparatively young men. The retiring-age is much earlier than is the case in Great Britain. We find in the larger American organizations that almost complete control is vested in one executive head by the board of directors. The appointing of this head is the chief function of the board.

This policy eliminates, to a large extent, favoritism in the appointment of members of the staff. The great responsibility vested in the executive head ensures that the best men are selected for the respective positions. Since the members of the staff fully realize that promotion can come only as a result of ability and efficient functioning, there is a complete absence of manœuvring and intrigue to gain or retain good positions. Internal strife and waste of time are in consequence absent. The further waste of time and effort in dealing with criticism, prompted by lack of knowledge of the facts, is also avoided by the complete authority vested in the executive head. A prominent business-man

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in New England informed us that the first economy made, in the case of a firm that found itself unable to pay dividends, was the stopping of directors' fees. In our opinion a great deal of the available ability in England is being misdirected in many ways, among which is its utilization in an endeavor to force sales at prices above those of our competitors. More attention should be paid to reducing the costs of manufacturing our products, instead of vainly endeavoring to secure high prices from the purchaser.

To reiterate, American executives have no compunction in relieving their organizations of inefficients.

It is accepted in America that the path to progress and prosperity lies primarily in the reduction of costs chiefly by means of the greater and greater application of time- and trouble-saving devices, new processes, and the improvement of transportation. This clearly can be accomplished only by research. It is of such importance that American manufacturers are concentrating a large proportion of their activities on research and experimental work. Moreover, they devote considerable sums of money to this cause. American executives scour the world to obtain the best ability in the fields of research in which they are most interested. We would instance the well-known, large, and efficient research-department of the General Electric Company, which we visited at Schenectady. These laboratories produced, *inter alia*, the Tungsten filament lamp and the Coolidge X-ray tube.

The work of the Research and Experimental plant of the Ford Motor Company at Dearborn, Michigan, is truly amazing. This company procured the services of Mr. Carl E. Johansson, the inventor of the Johansson gauge blocks, upon which improvements are now being made under the supervision of this gentleman. The Ford laboratories discovered that it was more economical, taking into account cost and strength, to use flax rather than cotton in the manufacture of the body of motor tire covers. The company now grows its own flax at Dearborn. The crop is harvested, spun, and woven into covers at the Ford plant at Detroit. . . .

The anticipation of saturation in America's home consumption is rather apt to be overstressed. There are certain commodities that now enjoy a large sale among the richer classes but which will be produced in larger quantities when they are made available to the lower classes by a reduction in price. This point should be remembered when considering the development of our home market. The Ford Motor Company now produces two million motor-cars per annum, and in spite of this we found the company has as much as it can do to cope with the demand in the United States alone. We discussed this situation with two prominent Ford dealers from St. Louis, who said, quite definitely, that the potential market for Ford cars among the farming population of the Middle West was only as yet scratched, their own sales amounting to but ten thousand cars a year.

We now come to a point to which we earnestly wish to direct the attention of British manufacturers. It was generally admitted to us that the Americans have very little knowledge of marketing their goods abroad, so that, given the same quality and prices, they have a long way to go to compete with Great Britain in the development of selling organizations abroad. We are convinced that the attention of American manufacturers will, for many years to come, be centred on their home markets, during

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which time it will not be necessary for them to make serious attempts to develop foreign markets. On the other hand, we cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that the general costs of production in the United States are slowly but surely on the downward grade. Unless other nations can equal their price and quality, the time is not far distant when foreign purchasers will find it advantageous to establish their own purchasing agencies in America itself. From the American manufacturer's point of view his products will tend more and more to sell themselves abroad on account of quality and price, rendering it unnecessary for him to find his own foreign market. This procedure has, of course, taken place in Great Britain in the past. The coal of South Wales, for instance, owing to its good quality and price, has attracted foreign purchasing agents who established themselves in Cardiff. This, then, is the nature of the danger of which British manufacturers must take notice.

To sum up, therefore, the lack of foreign selling experience on the part of American manufacturers, which has been responsible for belittling their competitive capacity in foreign markets in the eyes of British manufacturers, is entirely outweighed by their unquestioned ability to produce at low cost, and so will certainly not prevent the purchase of their goods abroad. . . .

Labor-saving machinery has come to be regarded in England as a device for doing away with labor — meaning men. It should rather be thought of as time- and trouble-saving machinery. It is machinery for helping the workingman to increase his output and his earnings, and therefore, under proper management, to raise his standard of living.

The secret of prosperity of an industrial country undoubtedly lies in the use of every means for increasing the productive capacity per capita, coupled with a managerial policy which provides every man with an incentive to increase his turnover. In Great Britain management has, in most cases, failed to provide this incentive. As a consequence labor, in self-defense, has had recourse to protection through trade-union organizations, and for this labor cannot be blamed. Owing to the failure of management to convince labor of the advantages of increased productivity by paying, in some proportion to output, hard cash in wages at the end of the week, the introduction of time- and trouble-saving devices has been looked upon with disfavor and even suspicion by the trade-unions. This has driven the unions to the opinion that limitation of output is the only means of maintaining wage rates and employment.

In Great Britain progress in industry, for this reason, appears to have come to a standstill, and it has been left to the management of American concerns to continue the industrial progress which commenced in Great Britain.

Our aim should be to raise wages. We cannot do this unless we provide appliances for increasing labor's productivity.

There are certain natural resources in Great Britain the potential value of which does not appear to be fully appreciated. We refer chiefly to the available water-power. In Great Britain the idea prevails that the only water-powers of value are in North Wales and Scotland, possibilities of low fall developments on every river in the country being ignored. It is striking to find that, although the Ford plants at Detroit are comparatively close to the coal-fields, the company has found it economical to

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develop a head of only seven feet, six inches, on the Huron River to produce seven hundred kilowatts, not to mention several other smaller developments undertaken by this concern. . . .

American business aims at the complete elimination of outside finance, the tendency being to use banks merely as clearing houses for payments and receipts. Not only is this of advantage to the business, but it also relieves the banks of the risk of financing, by means of floating or funded indebtedness, badly managed concerns.

Many British authorities have attributed American prosperity to the wealth of her natural resources, her considerable home market, and the influx of gold. America has really stumbled upon the secret of success owing to the fact that the scarcity of labor forced her, out of sheer necessity, to concentrate on the adoption of time- and trouble-saving devices. In Great Britain we have never experienced this scarcity of labor. We are fortunate in having a quality of labor second to none. Our workmen are well educated, intelligent, respectable and respectful, honest and conscientious. Moreover, we have in our people, apart from physical fitness of the first order, latent talent in the shape of initiative and ingenuity and a determination to face every trouble we can dig up. Taken altogether the foregoing represent an asset of far greater value than the whole of the natural resources of America.

With regard to America's considerable home market it should be remembered that, in proportion to the size of the country, her population is smaller than that of Great Britain.

In our opinion the influx of gold has merely been responsible for stemming, for a temporary period, the steady downward tendency of the level of prices in America.

While Government can assist in a return to prosperity by legislation directed against the pernicious system of price-fixing rings, which undeniably exists in Great Britain, success can be achieved only by individual initiative and effort on the part of the management of industrial concerns. As a proof that the difficulties that such a management would have to face are not insurmountable, we would mention that at least one British firm to our knowledge has already adopted, with striking success, the lines of policy generally indicated in this Report. The wages paid by this concern have already risen to approximately double the standard trade-union rates.

An exemplary lead by the Government in drastic cuts in national expenditure would provide an incentive to the elimination of waste.

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SUZANNE LENGLEN AND HELEN WILLS[1]

BY PHYLLIS H. SATTERTHWAITE

I DOUBT if any event of recent years has attracted such world-wide notice and attention as the forthcoming single between (what I think we may rightly call) the two best women players in the world to-day, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, of France, and Miss Helen Wills, of America. I cannot but think that it is not only from a tennis point of view that this match should prove to be so interesting, but also from the fact that these two girls possess temperaments of no ordinary character, and that therefore the contest becomes a great deal more enthralling for the reason that each one will approach it in a very different way.

Mlle. Lenglen, of course, is known to us all as the greatest woman player of the present day, 'the eighth wonder of the world' in fact, as a very well-known personage once remarked during a speech made in her honor. Not the least of her charm is the fact that she is able to produce her game without any apparent severe concentration and with an entire absence of that dreaded 'tennis face' which is so very unattractive and at the same time so very easy a habit to fall into, when all the muscles are strained to the utmost attention and each stroke seems to be made with a visible and at times painful amount of effort. With Suzanne there is none of this, and even after the hardest rally I have often seen her look round to smile at her mother or possibly one of her many friends among the spectators. She is never unsmiling, although never for a moment unconcentrated, and her eye is even quicker than her foot, which is, indeed, saying a great deal. There is no question with Suzanne of why she produces such a wonderful game. There is nothing miraculous about it; it is simply because she has studied the foundations of the game to their utmost, and therefore her footwork, her placing, and her timing — all three equally important for perfect tennis — are exactly right.

You have only to hear her comments on the game to understand how perfectly she realizes the importance of these things. I remember, for instance, once pointing out to her a player whom a great many people considered to be a very fine exponent of the game, and her answer was, 'Yes, my dear, she hits well, but why does she not go for the lines, and why are her feet so slow?' — both remarks absolutely correct and showing exactly the peculiar weakness of the player in question, which in watching the fineness of her stroke I had completely forgotten. Suzanne is merciless on defects like these; to her they are the very beginning and end of the science of lawn-tennis. She cannot comprehend why players should not be able to *anticipate* the coming stroke, and, having done so, why they should be so long in *hitting* the ball when they have done so. With her, of course, she hits it at the full length of her arm and racket *before* it has reached the height of the bounce, and therefore gains

[1] From the *Outlook* (London Independent weekly), *February* 13

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a second or two every time in advance of her opponent. 'Why are they so slow in hitting the ball?' I have frequently heard her say, and certainly she never errs in that respect herself. To beat Suzanne of the lightning feet one must be perfectly equipped at every point of the game, and, most important of all, one must be able to hit the ball even more quickly than she does herself — a very difficult feat indeed, and one which I doubt if any woman living will be able to accomplish.

Having said which, let us pass on to consider Miss Helen Wills, or 'Little Poker-Face' as the Americans affectionately call her. To begin with, this young American is some six years younger than Mlle. Lenglen, and naturally it would be unreasonable to expect such finished perfection of style in one who has had but two or at most three years of first-class lawn-tennis.

Miss Wills undoubtedly plays a very fine game of lawn-tennis indeed — the more so because she has nothing 'showy' about it whatever, from her straight well-placed overhand service to her powerful forehand drive and carefully hit volley; *but* the fact remains that to my mind she is a 'made' player, as the saying goes, while with Suzanne it is a case of natural genius, and therefore I can see insurmountable obstacles for the young American to overcome. Of course, Miss Wills has in her favor the perfect lawn-tennis temperament, and anything more wonderful than the calm with which she moves over the court without a smile or change of expression of any sort, but always equally reposeful and serene, I have yet to see. Certainly she has captivated the French people, heart and soul, and one cannot wonder, for her whole bearing and movements on court are delightful; in addition to which she is an extremely pretty girl. Her complexion alone calls forth a shower of compliments wherever she goes, and, as I say, her delightfully unassuming manner and complete absence of 'swank' complete the rest. To my mind her only weakness — and it is a big one — lies in her immobility. She is not able, like Suzanne, to change the direction of her stroke at the very last second, nor is she able to 'take off' as quickly for each stroke as her French opponent. To counteract this, of course, she has indubitably a more powerful forehand than Mlle. Lenglen, while her backhand, although not showy, is an extremely well-placed and attacking stroke, which she can hit into any part of the court at will. Miss Wills has the true fighting spirit, and she will go full out until the last stroke has been played. She never tires, and at the same time she anticipates so well that her comparative slowness of foot is much neutralized.

I doubt if anyone in the South is looking forward with more interest to the coming match than I am, for I see in it great possibilities of great tennis played by two very attractive girls, and more than that one cannot say. Of course the betting here is fast and furious, and it is indicative of the respect in which Suzanne is held that no one is laying level money on the match itself, but only upon the number of games which Miss Wills is likely to secure in each set. To say that this match is by far the most important event of the present Riviera season is saying very little indeed. It is so much the most important that it has overshadowed everything else completely. Nothing else is so frequently alluded to as a topic of conversation. As I said before, apart from the tennis, which will be of the best, we shall see the French national temperament, volatile, quick, and utterly intelligent, as opposed to the calm security and dogged determination of young America.

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IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE[1]

BY CAMILLE VERGNIOL

[THE following article is a review with quotations of the first two volumes of ex-President and ex-Premier Raymond Poincaré's memoirs, entitled *Au Service de la France*, Chez Plon, Paris.]

IT is not necessary to dwell upon the importance of the period with which these volumes deal — those pre-war years of traps and snares, of rivalries and conflicts, that put the vigilance, courage, and prudence of statesmen to the severest test. Who is better fitted to recite their story than the man who played the most brilliant, and unquestionably the most difficult, rôle in those events? A work dealing in detail with affairs so supremely important and so complex cannot be adequately summarized in a review. I shall examine only one of the episodes of which it treats, the topic around which the most controversy has raged — the Franco-Russian Alliance.

When M. Poincaré became Premier and Foreign Minister on January 14, 1912, he knew no more of this 'Alliance' than any other member of the preceding cabinets, and that was, to tell the truth, very little. His first act was to open the safe that contained the document of 1892, which was still in an envelope bearing this annotation in the handwriting of Félix Faure: 'The military convention is accepted by the letter of M. de Giers to M. de Montebello, giving this convention the force of a treaty.'

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *February* 6

The document was subsequently published. It began with this preamble: 'France and Russia, animated by an equal desire to preserve peace, and having in view no other purpose than to provide for the eventuality of a defensive war, have agreed upon the following arrangements.' The treaty went on to provide that if France were attacked by Germany or Italy, singly or together, or if Russia were attacked by Germany or Austria, singly or together, the other signatory Power would join in its defense; that, if the Triple Alliance or any of its members mobilized against either France or Russia, the other signatory Power would immediately mobilize its forces. Other provisions defined the number of troops each party was to maintain in the field, and stipulated that neither France nor Russia should sign a separate peace with the enemy.

Passing over the multitude of incidents that intervened, — Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Morocco crisis, the intrigues and counter-intrigues spun between European capitals, — we come down to the twenty-fifth of September, 1911, when Italy's *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople handed the Porte a threatening note. A few days afterward an expeditionary corps seized Tripoli under the protection of the guns of the Italian fleet, and the Turkish garrison withdrew into the desert. In November Giolitti's Cabinet proclaimed the annexation of Tripoli and the Cyrenaica to Italy. Naturally Turkey declared

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war. Italy seized Rhodes and the Dodecanese Islands and bombarded the Dardanelles. Turkey closed the Straits and the neutrals protested. But all these things were of minor importance compared with what they foreboded. Baron Marshall, the German Ambassador at Constantinople, asserted with a clear vision of the situation: 'A war in the Balkans is inevitable if the war between Italy and Turkey lasts a few months longer.'

Now a Balkan war meant the intervention of Russia, which would involve the intervention of Austria, which would bring Germany into the conflict. Imagine what this meant for France! M. Poincaré had scarcely succeeded in calming Italy when thunder clouds thickened in the Balkans. Bulgaria was conversing with Serbia, who was conversing in turn with Montenegro, and all three were whispering excitedly into the ears of Greece. Nobody knew just what all this talk portended. To complicate matters, Austria in her panic declared in favor of an 'autonomous Albania' — that is to say, an Albania under her own protection. France vainly importuned Russia to be on her guard. M. Sazanov, the Tsar's Foreign Minister, with imperturbable optimism, refused to see anything more than a Platonic accord growing up in the Balkans, 'or at most a defensive alliance to protect the mutual interests of the Balkan States in case of a modification of the status quo.' Was this a dangerously elastic formula? No, because nothing could be done without Russia's knowledge and consent. So France must be patient and confident.

M. Poincaré did not lose patience, but his confidence wavered. He repelled Bulgaria's advances, and refused to let the Bulgarian loan be quoted on the Bourse. He stood firm on that point despite the protests of the Bulgarian and Serb ambassadors and premiers, even Pašič. He smelled a rat. He knew that Russia was not fully informed, that she did not try to be so, and that, while she did not know all that was going on, she did not tell even all she knew. 'We felt that there was possibly a rift in the alliance, or else that, if actions did not always agree with our point of view, these were the inevitable discomforts attending such understandings. We had to put up with them. They were the modest compensation that we paid for the advantages we had enjoyed for the past twenty-five years from Russia's friendship — advantages that M. Sazanov would have been the last person in the world to take away from us.'

In order to dissipate these doubts and misunderstandings, there was nothing to do but to go straight to headquarters. So M. Poincaré decided to visit Russia. He embarked on the 'Condé' at Dunkirk on August 5, 1912. He reached Kronstadt on the ninth, and was at St. Petersburg the following day. Naturally he was given a cordial, indeed a warm, reception, but only by the 'authorities.'

'I was greeted respectfully by the people on the street, who had been told that a French cabinet minister was visiting the country. But I could easily see that this courtesy was not spontaneous. It added nothing to the official reception. I went about almost unnoticed. The residents of St. Petersburg seemed to care less about the alliance than those of the coldest provincial town in France.'

Poincaré had long conversations with Sazanov, 'pop-eyed, long-nosed, thin-featured, smiling-lipped,' and with Kokovtsov, 'a kind-faced, simple, loyal fellow.' And as the conversations continued and were repeated, the mists vanished, the misunderstandings were

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removed, confidence was reëstablished, and an agreement was reached on every point. 'At my request M. Sazanov has taken cognizance of the minutes of the meeting of the Chiefs-of-Staff of the armies, and of the wishes that General Joffre has expressed to General Gilinskii. I explain to him how imperative it is to double and quadruple the strategic railroads we ask for, and to change to the Russian gauge the lines from Warsaw to the German and to the Austrian frontiers respectively, which are now of a different gauge. He thinks arrangements have already been made to change the gauge to Austria. He has promised me to use his influence for the other things. Sukhomlinov, the Minister of War, assures me that he, for his part, will favor what I recommended as far as his appropriations allow.' Then Sazanov read and made comments upon the official text of the convention between Serbia and Bulgaria. Although it was provided in every clause that Russia was to have the decision, Poincaré was not quite reassured. 'The treaty contains the seeds not only of a war against Turkey but also of a war against Austria. More than that, it establishes the hegemony of Russia over the two kingdoms, since Russia is made arbiter of every question. I said to Sazanov that this convention was not what it had been described to me to be; that it was, to tell the truth, a war agreement. He admitted this; but since Serbia and Bulgaria have bound themselves not to declare war, and not even to mobilize without Russia's approval, Russia's veto power ensures peace. I said to Sazanov: "Don't count on us for military aid in the Balkans even if you are attacked by Austria. We shall fulfill our obligations under our Treaty of Alliance, but we shall not exceed them. We are bound to give you armed assistance if you are attacked by Germany, or by Austria with the assistance of Germany, as you are bound to give us your assistance if we are attacked by Germany, or by Italy aided by Germany. In that contingency we shall do our duty. We ask no more than that from you." That is what I said to M. Sazanov and what he has truthfully reported. I did not say anything different later to Izvolskii.'

After all pending questions, both general and personal, had been settled to the complete satisfaction of France with the two Russian ministers, Poincaré reported on August 11 for the audience that the Tsar had accorded him at Peterhof.

'I had never seen the Emperor but once, when he visited Paris in 1896. At that time I had been presented to him as Vice-President of the Chamber. He had seemed to me simple and timid. I had only exchanged a few unimportant words with him, however, and to tell the truth did not know him at all. I asked M. Georges Louis and M. Doulcet about him and the Empress. Both described him as an intelligent, honest man. The Empress impressed them as more enigmatical. Strange gossip had begun to circulate regarding her and her entourage. In January 1912 M. Menshikov had published in *Novoe Vremia* an article that had raised a great scandal. In commenting upon the deposition and exiling of Bishop Hermogen of Saratov, this publicist had made charges against a person alluded to indirectly as a Siberian peasant, "a peasant fellow forty years old, coarse and ugly, with sharp features, a whiskey-inflamed complexion, shifty eyes, and a low voice — Grishka Rasputin." This had been taken up by several newspapers. The Empire was creaking in every joint, although the edifice still looked as majestic and imposing as ever. What kind of people were its present masters? I asked my-

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self that question with curiosity mingled with apprehension.

'A railway journey of forty-five minutes brought me to Peterhof Station, where we found a master of ceremonies who conducted us across a formal park of French design containing a monumental Neptune fountain to a palace evidently designed to imitate that of Versailles, but having something of the ostentation and pretentiousness of a parvenu.

'While waiting for the Emperor to arrive, I stepped up to the windows opening upon the terrace and looked at the waterfalls. Just then a victoria drawn by two spirited horses stopped in front of the main entrance of the palace. The Emperor and Empress got out. Both came from Villa Alexandra, a couple of kilometres away, where they were living very quietly. The Tsar's face was still bronzed from his Finland cruise, during which he had met the Kaiser. He wore the uniform of a colonel of the Preobrazhenskii Regiment. The Empress was dressed in a dark-colored gown. A large hat trimmed with tulle and a black ostrich-plume shaded her slightly faded countenance. The master of ceremonies came for me and conducted me through a long series of rooms to the Emperor's apartments, where I found Nicholas II and the Empress standing side by side awaiting me. The Emperor received me with the greatest civility. Looking me in the eyes, he spoke a few words of greeting in a remarkably soft voice, inquired about M. Fallières, for whom he expressed high regard, and said that he should be very happy to learn directly from me the opinion and wishes of the Government of the Republic on the important questions of the day. While the Tsar was speaking, the Empress stood at his side as impassive as a statue. A few minutes later she echoed the Emperor's sentiments with a nod and an appropriate remark. Now and then her face would flush suddenly, as if she had heart trouble or experienced difficulty in breathing. . . .

'I jotted down for the benefit of the President of the Republic and the Cabinet the essential points of this conversation. William II has inserted a ridiculous fiction in his historical syllabus: "Poincaré's trip to St. Petersburg. He promises the Tsar to introduce three years' service." It would be just as accurate to say that Nicholas II, when he met him on the Baltic cruise, promised the Kaiser to disarm France. The Tsar never mentioned three years' service, and I for that reason did not make any allusion to the subject.

'The Empress withdrew to join her children at the Villa Alexandra. I proceeded to a neighboring room, where the people invited to dinner were gathered in a circle. The Emperor appeared a few minutes later, and we followed him to a sort of buffet where various hors d'œuvres were served in Russian fashion. He himself offered me caviar and a tiny glass of strong liquor, which the exigencies of our protocol forbade me to refuse. He also presented me with the Grand Cordon of Alexander Nevskii, in a magnificent casket of red copper.

'About half-past five the French guests at the dinner and I took a special train to Krasnoe Selo, where the Emperor had already gone by automobile. The railway station was decorated in grand style with the French and Russian colors. A great military encampment had been pitched near the railway. Accompanied by several officers of high rank, I was conducted to the Imperial tent. A few minutes later the Emperor descended from his automobile at the edge of the camp, mounted a magnificent horse, and began to inspect the troops. Behind him rode Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich,

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Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army, thin as a skeleton and tall as an American skyscraper, but sinewy, active, supple, with a strong-featured, masterful face. The Emperor rode slowly along the front of the divisions, who were deployed in two ranks before the long line of gray tents. I must confess it seemed to me a rather tedious ceremony. My strongest impression was of weariness. A chair had been brought for the Empress, but she was not able to come, on account of a sudden indisposition, so it remained empty.

'Twenty-five military bands, including two thousand musicians, played a series of selections until sunset. Suddenly a moment of profound silence followed. Then all the music struck up together the vesper hymn. At the first measures the sixty thousand soldiers uncovered in perfect unison, and the last rays of the setting sun fell upon a motionless army of sixty thousand men. The Emperor departed in an automobile for his chalet at Krasnoe Selo, which is a modest residence, like all the others that the Imperial family maintains for its use out in the country. It is surrounded by verdure, and has not been changed for a century or more.'

After a visit to Moscow and more conversations with the Russian ministers, Poincaré reëmbarked on the 'Condé' on August 19 and returned to Dunkirk. How many times he must have recalled this voyage, and compared it with that subsequent trip on 'La France,' in company with M. Viviani, the latter part of July 1914. In August 1912 he brought back to France a revived and reinvigorated alliance. As he says: 'The Russian ministers had formally acknowledged again that the Entente between our friendly and allied countries, founded upon their permanent interests and consecrated by their unchanging sentiments, had been and was still a precious guaranty of the peace and equilibrium of Europe.'

Equilibrium and peace! These were the steadfast objects of the French Government.

When Poincaré returned for a second time from Russia, in July 1914, he brought back the same alliance enlarged and reënforced. But could he, as he stood upon the deck of 'La France,' flatter himself that this was still 'a precious guaranty of peace'? We shall have to wait for the coming volumes to learn what he thought during those tragic moments, to know the fears and the hopes that stirred his heart, the cruel combat that was fought within his breast. Did he not say, as M. Steeg has testified, 'Even were I sure of victory, I would not assume the responsibility for such a catastrophe?' Yet catastrophe was sure, and victory was uncertain. A Russian alliance, after all, must have seemed to him to afford at least the best chance of victory.

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HOW TO MAKE THE YANKEE HARMLESS[1]

BY RAMIRO DE MAEZTU

In view of the existing social structure of the United States, how can the nations threatened by American imperialism best defend themselves? Were it possible to acclimate in Iberian America one of the most characteristic institutions of the Anglo-Saxon world, the debating society, I am sure that this would be the question most often discussed.

Happily for Latin America, the United States is not an imperialist country in the usual sense of the word. That nation's growth results from a rapidly expanding population pushing into thinly settled regions, rather than from the deliberate action of its Government. It is not organized for military conquest. The Federal authority is limited by the powers of the States. Its army, including the garrisons of far outposts like the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Canal Zone, does not exceed one hundred and fifty thousand men. But the United States has great industries with whose exuberant growth even its domestic market cannot keep pace, so that its producers must find foreign outlets for their wares. Furthermore, it possesses a superabundance of investment capital, which makes it the banker of less favored lands.

If the United States had a bureaucratic organization serving imperialist ambitions, as did pre-war Germany, the best defense against its expansion would doubtless be for the Latin-American republics to become highly centralized like France and to cultivate a nationalist spirit. The German danger forced France to centralize her military organization at all costs, and therefore made it imperative to centralize also her civil administration, for unless this were done the army would soon be master of the country. That would have defeated the very purpose for which an army exists, by dividing the nation into two antagonistic classes, the soldiers and the peasants.

Latin America's system of government has been determined by her effort to protect herself against dictatorships, and not by the danger of a foreign foe. This struggle to subordinate the cacique, or party boss, to the constitution, which characterizes the political evolution of both Spain and her former colonies, is little by little improving their bureaucratic machinery, which has grown better ever since these nations attained self-government; so that all Spanish-speaking countries are evolving gradually into bureaucratic States, in which most men of university training, except those who enter law or medicine, look forward to a government career.

This leads us to ask if a bureaucratic constitution can defend the Spanish-speaking republics against North America's economic imperialism? This is not a simple question to answer. The United States is not only a great nation industrially and financially, but it is perhaps the greatest Power politically in the world, albeit its diplomacy is

[1] From the *Prensa* (Buenos Aires Liberal daily), *January* 24

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still rather primitive. Recall Caillaux's remark when his effort to give the French debt to North America a political character was defeated: 'You can't say to a Power like the United States that you won't pay her.' Those significant words betray his conviction that as a last resort Washington would use its overwhelming political influence to collect its bills.

Bureaucratic governments might, to be sure, evade such conflicts. They might even, in the absence of any other alternative, nationalize their natural resources. They could thus protect themselves from that compulsory collection of debts which Dr. Drago feared so much. But a country in the early stages of its development, when it requires foreign capital, can hardly adopt this measure. Another policy, and perchance a shrewder one, is to divide up the nation's indebtedness among many countries, as Porfirio Diaz did in Mexico, and above all to avoid becoming heavily obligated to the United States.

Cuba has under consideration a law that has attracted wide attention in Spain. She proposes to require that at least three fourths of the employees of merchants, manufacturers, and planters in that country shall be Cuban citizens. This law will work special hardship upon the Spanish merchants, who control much of the trade of the Island and whose employees are almost exclusively Spaniards. If this is strictly enforced, such merchants and those who work for them will have to become Cuban citizens. No such statute would be enacted, of course, if the Spanish Government possessed political influence enough to deter the Cuban authorities from adopting a measure so prejudicial to its interests.

Now, as a parallel illustration, Mexico has enacted a law that limits the right of aliens to acquire land in the Republic. In view of the protest of the United States, however, it seems to me certain that the Mexican Government will eventually modify that law so as to let North American capitalists exploit her petroleum-fields. And the reason why the influence of Washington will prevail at Mexico City, while the influence of Madrid will not prevail at Havana, is precisely the reason that Caillaux cited when he said that you can't tell a country as powerful as the United States that you will not pay what you owe her.

Consequently it seems doubtful if purely bureaucratic devices can check the economic expansion of the United States — above all when so many in Latin-American countries themselves are personally interested in inviting that expansion. The case would be quite different if the bureaucracies were able to accumulate capital to loan on favorable terms to local enterprises. But as long as bureaucratic governments show their present capacity for incurring vast expenditures while adding nothing to the nation's resources, as long as they resort so easily to borrowing and show so little talent for economizing, I see no likelihood that they will be able to erect a rampart against the economic expansion of the industrial nations — except, of course, those that have no politically powerful governments to back them up.

A better defense would be to increase the commercial and industrial efficiency of the countries that believe themselves in peril of North American usurpations. In one respect we Spanish-speaking people are more efficient than the Yankees — we can live on less money. After the Spanish-American War in 1898 many American merchants thought that Cuba offered a favorable field for trade. They founded a large number of mercantile establishments in the West Indies, bringing

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down employees from their own country. But the Spaniards were already in possession of the field, and the Yankees could not compete with them. These newcomers from the States could not reconcile themselves to eating and sleeping in their shops with their employees, nor would those employees consent to spend all their time in the establishment, without leaving it more than three or four times a year. The heads and the staffs of the American firms had to live in Cuba at least as comfortably as they did at home. So these ambitious enterprises failed, and to-day the trade of the United States in Cuba is transacted through Spanish middlemen. In fact the discovery the North Americans made in Cuba, that Spaniards are a serious-minded and industrious people, completely changed their attitude toward our nation. To-day they respect the Spaniards.

It was easier for the Yankees to get control of the Cuban tobacco factories and to incorporate them in their tobacco trust. But even the trust can hardly compete in Cuba itself with the *chinchal*, or native cigar-factory, with little or no capital and minimum overhead expenses, where there is no waste because everything is done under the eyes of the owner. In fact the business conquests of the Yankees are limited to acquiring eighty-five per cent of Cuban sugar plantations and operating them as corporations. I am not at all certain that these corporations will survive the present fall in sugar prices. Nevertheless they constitute a danger for Cuban independence, because their owners are deeply interested in having Cuba safely behind North America's high tariff wall. That would protect from world competition their sugar, which is practically the only commodity they produce.

We have here a striking example of the danger that the economic expansion of the United States represents for Latin America. This expansion is entirely the work of individuals having no immediate political objects in view. The Yankees failed in their mercantile invasion. They succeeded only partially in the tobacco-manufacture. They won a complete victory only in the sugar industry. North American investments are probably to be credited with the fact that the sugar crop of Cuba has tripled within twenty-five years. On the other hand, cane-fields have extended at the expense of other crops until it has become a serious question whether they can be made to pay outside of the United States tariff area. In other words, industrial expansion has created a political problem involving the very independence of the country.

Needless to say, if the sugar mills of Cuba had not fallen into the hands of men more capable of operating them than their former owners, who were ruined partly by war and revolution and partly by their own luxurious habits, they never would have become Yankee property. This shows that the fundamental problem for the people of Latin America is to train up merchants, manufacturers, and bankers as competent as those of other countries, to divert the talent that now goes almost entirely into government service and the liberal professions to those more important channels. The most striking contrast between Iberian America and Saxon America is that the latter has no great landlords but has any number of great manufacturers, merchants, and bankers, while Latin America has an abundance of great landlords and almost no great manufacturers, merchants, and bankers.

This evolution toward a more rational and modern industrial civilization that I desire and that I look for-

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ward to in Latin America is occurring, although far too slowly, in Spain herself. Spain, likewise, is a country of great landed estates, where the best talent from the universities, outside of lawyers and doctors, dedicates itself to government employment, and where even the lawyers go into politics in order to get clients. The best engineers in the country still wither away in government jobs instead of growing stronger and abler in red-blooded private undertakings. Of the five hundred engineers in our Public Works Department fully one half are drying up in Madrid offices instead of being out in the field building roads, railways, canals, and harbor works. The same is true in the Mines Department.

When I criticize this condition, I am told that private business offers no adequate rewards, that it pays too low salaries. But the chief reason for that is that our industries are in the hands either of foreigners or of men of little education whose minds do not rise above rule-of-thumb methods, and who are too ignorant to appreciate the value of trained service. Industry does not pay adequate salaries, and consequently it does not attract the best brains of the country.

The only thing that saves us in a certain measure is that Spain has a few cities like Barcelona and Bilbao where young men of the wealthiest families work their way up in the shops or factories of their fathers and uncles until they get a practical knowledge of the business. Madrid has a few banks that have been managed by two or three successive generations of the same families. Many members of our nobility are likewise showing a new spirit. They have begun to interest themselves in scientific farming, and in cultivating a market for their special brands of wine or olive oil. Absentee-landlordism is not as common as it used to be. If this movement grows, we shall be able to create in time a manufacturing industry of some importance, and to accumulate capital to develop our country. But we have a millstone around our necks at present in the steady drain of the Morocco war.

LINES

BY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[*Observer*]

MAGICIAN Time,
What secret thing
Lurks underneath
Your silent wing?

No stranger portent
Or surprise
Than *last* year seen
Through *this* year's eyes!

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A CAREER OF POMP AND POVERTY[1]

STRANGE CONTRASTS IN EUROPE'S DIPLOMATIC WORLD

BY JULIUS KONRIED

GREAT Powers usually desire to be represented at important foreign capitals by diplomats capable of making a social impression by their munificence and hospitality. If a diplomat of recognized ability is not able with his private means to maintain an establishment on the scale demanded, he is sometimes given a special allowance for that purpose. This happened, for example, when Count Beust was appointed ambassador of Austria-Hungary in London. That gentleman had no private fortune, so the Government appropriated money to enable him to entertain suitably at the British capital. Our country had been previously represented there by Prince Paul Esterhazy, whose great wealth had enabled him to make the Embassy one of the most brilliant social centres of the great metropolis. Even the Esterhazy fortune, however, could not stand this drain indefinitely, and after the Prince resigned he lived most economically in retirement for many years in order to restore his depleted resources. He had spent what was for those times the huge sum of three million guldens [or nearly one and a quarter million dollars] to represent his country in a becoming manner.

But the most difficult diplomatic post for our Foreign Office to fill was at St. Petersburg. The Tsar's capital was reputed to be the most expensive place to live in Europe — if not for people of the middle class, at least for the upper ten thousand. The keenest rivalry existed there as to who should give the most brilliant and expensive entertainments. It caused no remark when Prince Czetvertinski brought the most famous reciter in Paris to St. Petersburg for a single soirée, or when Prince Yusupov, at a ball in his palace, gave as favors a diamond-studded powder-box to each lady guest and a solid-gold cigarette-case to each gentleman. Even more famous was a party given by a fabulously wealthy mining man from the Urals, which included a drawing for prizes where the principal winner received half a million rubles.

Naturally, therefore, a diplomat at St. Petersburg must have a well-filled purse if he were not to appear rather beggarly in such surroundings. Our Austrian ambassadors were required to live up to their position. Aehrenthal and Berchtold spent a considerable part of their private fortunes trying to do so; and another — if I am not mistaken, it was Count Szapary — said frankly at the time of his appointment that he could not afford to stay more than two years, and resigned promptly at the end of that period.

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), weekly edition, *January* 30

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When Count Goluchowski was our Minister of Foreign Affairs, Russia's relations with Austria-Hungary, which had been rather difficult for some time, suddenly took a turn for the better and became decidedly friendly. At last affairs shaped themselves favorably for Emperor Francis Joseph to visit the Tsar at St. Petersburg. So it was necessary to find an Austrian ambassador for that post who had money enough to stand the extraordinary expenses that such an event occasioned. No professional diplomat was available who possessed these pecuniary qualifications. It was therefore decided to violate all diplomatic precedent by selecting a man unconnected with the diplomatic corps. As it chanced, this selection was a very happy one, for the Government's choice fell upon Prince Franz Liechtenstein, a brother of the reigning Prince John II. He was a man of exceptional education and culture, and was famous for his social graces. Furthermore, he was blessed with an unusually liberal income — said to be in the neighborhood of a million guldens [$400,000] a year.

With his abundant means the new ambassador remodeled the Embassy building and soon made it one of the most popular social centres of the Russian capital. His entertainments were famous all over Europe. His table services, specially designed by two of the leading firms in Vienna, were envied and copied in Russia. People in the best circles of the Tsar's capital vied with each other in securing invitations to the Prince's balls and receptions, and his popularity and prestige worked wonders in improving political relations between the two countries.

From 1883 to 1886 the French Republic, which was still in its infancy, was represented at Vienna by a man of great social experience and distinction, Count Foucher de Careil. Europe still doubted the permanence of republican institutions in France, and Paris shrewdly selected for the Vienna post a nobleman whose descent, wealth, and personal qualities were likely to make him persona grata at our aristocratic court, and whose social qualities did wonders in increasing the Republic's prestige in Austria. His receptions and entertainments at Palais Lobkowitz made his Embassy the most brilliant social centre in the city. When the Count gave a ball he enlarged the somewhat limited quarters of his ballroom by a temporary addition designed and decorated by the best experts brought from Paris to Vienna for that purpose. One evening his guests were favored with a play presented by the most famous artists of the Comédie Française, who came for a single evening. In order not to interrupt their engagements at Paris, they were brought and returned on a special train at the ambassador's expense. Count Foucher and his wife were enthusiastic music-lovers, and rarely did a great musician visit Vienna without playing or singing at the Embassy — sometimes even before they appeared at the Imperial Court.

Prince Philip of Orleans was responsible for bringing this diplomat's career to a sudden end. The Prince had managed to evade the law exiling the claimants to the throne, and to remain for a time in France. At length, however, he was deported by the Government. This action raised a tempest in the Chamber and in Parisian political circles. The Vienna court was highly offended at the Republic's conduct, and Count Foucher, who shared its feeling, published a dramatic protest against the deportation. He was immediately recalled, thus sacrificing for his political opinions a career

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that he found exceedingly agreeable. During his three years in Vienna he had spent a million and a half francs of his private fortune, and many a merchant regretted the loss of his best customer when the Count departed.

That departure was an exceedingly formal event. On the day before he left the Count was honored by a personal visit at the Embassy from the Emperor himself, who warmly thanked him for his great service to friendly relations between the two countries. This Imperial visit caused a sensation in France, and for a time Count Foucher was the most popular man in Paris. He later became a senator, and, being a large estate-owner, founded a liberal agrarian party. But he devoted himself principally to the study of Leibnitz and Spinoza. In fact, this charming Frenchman was one of the most thorough masters of German philosophy in his country, and his book, *Hegel and Schopenhauer*, was crowned by the French Academy.

One of the most popular diplomats who ever served in Vienna was Count Nigra, who represented Italy there from 1885 until 1900. His fifteen years' tenure of office was in itself sufficient proof that his services were regarded as highly satisfactory by both Rome and Vienna. Austria trusted him as much as did his own country. His wise reticence, his tact, his dependability, the fact that any political statement he made could be absolutely relied upon, and the way in which his large private fortune enabled him to fulfill his social obligations, made him the leader of the diplomatic set. He had been ambassador at Paris at the time of Napoleon III, and Empress Eugenie owed to him her escape from the Tuileries on the night of September 4, 1870, after the Emperor was captured at Sedan. Count Nigra used to describe that historical incident in a lively manner. The mob, excited by the collapse of the Empire, suddenly became threatening. Thousands were attempting to storm the Tuileries. The Empress, attended by only a few of her most loyal friends, was in utter despair and helpless on her own initiative to escape the people's wrath. The Austrian ambassador, Prince Richard Metternich, and the Italian ambassador, Count Nigra, hurried to her assistance. The Empress asked them if they advised her to flee, and whether that were still possible. Metternich calmly counseled her to do so. Nigra said that as a foreigner he could hardly form an opinion. Nevertheless, when the critical moment came shortly afterward, he was the one to act. After considerable search, a way was discovered by which he and the Empress could get out of the building unobserved. Nigra stopped a passing cab, shoved the Empress and her maid into it, and followed in a second cab that came along directly afterward. Just then a street gamin who had observed the incident shouted: 'That's the Empress!' Nigra jumped out of his cab and gave the lad a blow that stretched him on the ground. Then the two cabs drove off at full speed. Nigra took the Empress to her American dentist, Dr. Evans, from whose residence she was taken in a hired conveyance early the following morning to Deauville, whence she reached England without further incident.

For twenty years Vienna harbored Neriman Khan, the envoy of the Shah of Persia, 'the King of Kings.' Neriman was a Persian general and also 'Gavan es Saltaneh' — a title that he never clearly explained. He was personally a very likable man, and during his long sojourn in Vienna he made many friends and formed countless social ties. On official occasions he appeared in the full uniform of a Per-

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sian general, with a curved scimitar hanging at his side from a jewel-studded belt, and wearing a dark-brown lambskin cap on which a huge diamond glittered. As he was an imposing-looking man, he was invariably a centre of interest.

As long as the envoy's remittances from Persia came regularly — and they were always paid in gold — everything went well. Now and then, however, they were subject to interruptions. Inasmuch as the diplomat's expenses kept rising, and since they regularly exceeded his income in any case, he fell into financial embarrassments. In order to remedy the situation he dabbled in several business enterprises, which finally convinced him that there were only two safe and easy ways to increase his income. The first was to sell carpets. As ambassador he was able to bring in free of duty Persian rugs, which he sold later at an excellent profit. His second source of revenue was selling the Persian 'Sun and Lion Order.' This was not quite as profitable, but it brought in some money; for every now and then some wealthy customer, with an ambition to be honored by His Majesty the Shah with that decoration, crossed his path. A report got about one day, however, that a secretary at the Legation had given the porter of the building where he resided one of these orders, with the usual royal certificate, as a New Year's gift. Misfortunes never come singly, and about the same time the Austrian customs authorities began to cherish suspicions regarding the great number of Persian carpets that was being used at the Legation. Inquiry disclosed the fact that these carpets were regularly turned over to retail dealers and that the Austrian treasury had suffered heavy losses in this manner. Neriman Khan soon afterward departed on a vacation from which he never returned, but he left behind him the reputation of being a 'very winning personality.'

At a time when the Sultan was still the despotic and bloody master of Turkey, that country was represented at Vienna by some of the most lamentable specimens that ever appeared in diplomatic circles. Several had great difficulty in making ends meet — in fact, literally went hungry. And as if that were not enough, other misfortunes pursued them. The first who held the rank of ambassador was Chalil Bey, a member of a distinguished family and brother-in-law of Ismail Pasha, Khedive of Egypt. Not long after he presented his credentials to the Emperor he fell ill. At first his malady was not supposed to be serious and attracted little attention. Eventually it came to the public knowledge, however, that he was periodically insane. He had previously acquired a reputation for prodigality, a passion that, as a man of great private wealth, — the only one in the long line of Turkish ambassadors thus blessed, — he could indulge. Every morning he gave his cook a hundred-gulden note to make purchases for that day's dinner. He was an inveterate and extremely lucky gambler. When he returned late at night from the card table he would tear up whole bundles of bank notes and scatter them on the floor. The following morning his housekeeper would gather these up carefully and paste them together. In that way she acquired quite a fortune.

This gentleman's successor at Vienna, Rashid Bey, fell under the suspicion of Sultan Abdul-Aziz, who imagined that he was engaged in an intrigue to put his nephew Murad on the throne. So the Sultan ordered him back to Constantinople and to attend a council meeting. The moment he entered the room a Circassian major,

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Hassan Bey, shot him down. A certain Arifi Pasha succeeded this unlucky diplomat and was ambassador when the war between Turkey and Russia began. Sultan Abdul-Hamid imagined that Arifi could save the country, and called him back to Constantinople. Evidently he proved a disappointment, for only four days after his return he was dismissed and banished.

The next Turkish envoy to Vienna, Bogorides, had a still more remarkable career. He had previously won a reputation as a soldier under the name Aleko Pasha. While he was writing at his desk one day his Turkish valet whispered mysteriously in his ear that a cipher dispatch had just arrived addressed to the first secretary of the Embassy. That was a very unusual happening, for cipher dispatches are supposed to be addressed invariably to the highest representative of the nation. The ambassador managed to learn the contents of the dispatch. It was an order from the Sultan to seize him, smuggle him out of the country, and deliver him at Constantinople a prisoner. An hour later Aleko Pasha and his wife strolled out of the Embassy without any luggage, as if they were going for a walk. Instead they took a train to Munich and thus escaped. Some years later the Sultan pardoned him and permitted him to return to Constantinople.

Next in succession was Essed Bey, who likewise fell into disfavor with his master and was called home because he was unable to prevent the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Inspired by some inexplicable caprice, Abdul Hamid thereupon picked out Mahmud Nedim, a busy lawyer in Constantinople, and forced him against his will into a diplomatic career. He was given the title of Bey and sent to Vienna as ambassador. Although he had no experience in diplomacy, he showed great tact and capacity and held the position for almost eight years, from 1896 to 1904. He was a quiet, modest man, fond of taking long walks in his leisure hours. He very seldom used the Embassy carriage. Moreover, he lived in a most unpretentious manner, leaving his wife and daughter in Constantinople. To everybody's surprise it began to be whispered about that Mahmud Nedim was in desperate financial distress. He had received no salary for nearly two years, and his telegrams and letters to Constantinople remained unanswered. Unquestionably the money intended for him was stolen by somebody in the Sultan's immediate entourage. Eventually Mahmud Nedim, who had sold his horses and his most valuable furniture, was compelled to appeal to a Vienna friend, Michael von Nevlinski, a secretary in the Foreign Office, to invite him to dinner now and then. In the course of time our Foreign Minister, Count Goluchowski, discovered that the Turkish ambassador in Vienna was actually forced to go hungry. The Minister informed the Emperor of the situation, who at once ordered that his salary be paid regularly from the Imperial treasury. This went on for some time, until the ambassador, revolting against the humiliation, returned to Constantinople and never came back.

But the perennial scandal of Turkey's diplomatic representation at Vienna reached a climax in the case of her ambassador Sadullah Pasha. On the fourteenth of January, 1891, the papers reported that Sadullah had been found unconscious in his bathroom with the gas turned on. A physician was called immediately and tried to resuscitate him, with apparent success. Investigation showed that the ambassador had previously tried to hang himself, for the marks of the rope were still around his neck.

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Professor Drasche treated Sadullah, who had the reputation abroad of being an unusually talented diplomat and had represented Turkey with marked success at the Berlin Congress; and his interesting head appears in the famous picture of that Congress by Werner. He was a reformist who broke with Turkish traditions, wore a silk hat instead of a fez, and a morning coat or a dress coat instead of a *stambouline*. He had represented his country at Vienna for eight years, and was highly esteemed by his fellow diplomats. Naturally, therefore, his act caused a tremendous sensation, and all sorts of conjectures were made as to his motive. Medical treatment proved of no avail. Professor Nothnagel, who was called into consultation, declared his only chance of life lay in blood-transfusion. But this suggestion was rejected by the ambassador's staff on religious grounds.

Finally the motive for the suicide came out. Sadullah Pasha likewise had received no salary from Constantinople for five years. He had spent his private fortune, incurred debts, and, when all his petitions to Constantinople remained unanswered, finally resorted to suicide to escape his creditors. Just as he was drawing his last breath, a telegram came from Sultan Abdul Hamid to the secretary of the Embassy: 'Employ the best physicians. If you can save Sadullah I shall regard it as a personal service to myself.' But it was too late.

LORD CHARNWOOD ON SAINT JOHN[1]

BY ALFRED NOYES

[THE following article is based on Lord Charnwood's recent critical study, *According to Saint John*.]

IN this volume the author of the biography of Abraham Lincoln explores a subject of profounder significance; yet it may be said that the subject implies, not so much a difference, as what the author himself would call 'an extension of the process of apprehending reality.' The process itself — in the course of which a finely tempered intellect, keen-edged and perfectly balanced, advances to greater distances in that realm — is the same as in the earlier work; and the great qualities of restraint, scrupulous care in the sifting of evidence, impartial summing-up, and decisive statement when judgment can be delivered, are even more notably characteristic of the present volume.

The book attributed to the 'Beloved Disciple,' with its incomparable strains of intellectual music, soaring above the highest reaches of Plato, even while they strike to the hearts of the simplest and most unsophisticated, has always exercised a more potent spell over the philosophic mind than any other religious book.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

[1] From the *Bookman* (London literary monthly), *February*

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He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

Goethe brooded over those opening harmonies when he set the symbolical figure of Faust against a dark background of defeated philosophies. Simple folk can understand them; and yet, 'by an extension of the process of apprehending reality,' they are found to be in what may be called perfect logical — or musical — accord with some of the profoundest results of the reasoning of the greatest of metaphysicians, arrived at after the most elaborate examination of all our sources of knowledge and methods of acquiring it. For the Fourth Gospel says, at times, in a single image, what Hegel says, less lucidly, in a whole chapter of abstractions. Indeed there are sentences in the Fourth Gospel which, as consummate statements of the deepest and widest results ever attained by the human intellect with regard to the Ultimate Reality on which the universe and ourselves depend, have never been equaled. That they come to us as the utterances of a Personal Power speaking to us as individual personalities — in short, that they are couched in terms of the highest that we know or can imagine, and of the only reality that we know directly, rather than in the abstractions of science, of whose external world, directly, we know nothing — cleaves them a way into the very core of what is most real in our own being, the self that has power to say, 'Thou art thou; I am I,' and is akin to the reality it apprehends in that Voice from without:—

'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. . . .'

'I am the vine, ye are the branches. . . .'

Or again, if we consider that marvelous answer to the doubter who affirmed his readiness to follow, if only he knew the way: 'I *am* the way.' It is an answer that points, on the one hand, to the world's pragmatical method of resolving its doubts — *solvitur ambulando;* and on the other hand it opens up all those profound regions of reality, 'the abysmal depths of personality,' in which the greatest of modern metaphysicians discovered a law (overwhelming in its majesty as the order of the starry heavens above him), the moral law within him, postulating eternal values, and bearing its own supreme witness to the realities of God, freedom, and immortality. The way of the world's development has been a stern one. Its rocks are stained with blood and salt with tears. But the very bitterness of the struggle is miraculously turned to an embrace of infinite compassion and infinite tenderness when the Voice is heard with its stupendous assurance: 'Fear nothing. Follow Me. I *am* the Way.'

'Have the long controversies about the Gospel of Saint John led to any real results?' This brief question at the opening of Lord Charnwood's first chapter indicates the clear-cut character and purpose of his masterly essay. The reader is conscious throughout that real results are being earnestly sought in its extraordinarily able and lucid analysis — both of the contributions of modern research and of the incomparable work attributed to the Beloved Disciple himself. This analysis is enthralling in its interest, because a judicial intellect, widely experienced in the world's affairs, and yet finely sensitive to subtle shades of thought and feeling that are often obscured in the world, is here attempting to arrive at a definite conclusion on a matter of supreme importance, involving issues of far more than bodily life or death to the whole of humanity.

The results at which he does arrive are more than interesting. They are

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almost startling in their simplicity, as in fact the verdicts of the great judges in another sphere of life almost always are. You get the evidence marshaled in a logical order that has the gripping effect of great narrative; you get every side of the case stated — not always in complete detail, but always in what may be called justly representative and significant detail; and then you find that the result can be stated in one or two sentences, perhaps of overwhelming import to those concerned, but nearly always quite simple and direct.

Lord Charnwood sets out with no 'orthodox' prejudice; and — as he tells us — when he began his exploration of this subject he had no theological preconceptions. If he errs at all, he certainly errs on the side of caution. Wherever a reasonable doubt can be entertained concerning the value of evidence, he gives the benefit of the doubt to the doubter; indeed he does more — he entertains the doubt himself to the limit of its applicability. He certainly accepts nothing as definitely proven, except on twice or three times the evidence that would condemn a man to death in an English court of law. He is not concerned to prove a case, but to discover the real truth. All this gives additional weight to the results at which he undoubtedly arrives. There are many who must have long suspected — on general principles — what the result might be; but the verdict, on one point, is none the less startling.

It is, first of all, to the effect that a large part of so-called 'advanced' criticism is of negligible value. Many innocent believers in the bluff of pseudo-intellectualism have been vaguely persuaded that 'advanced' criticism has in some mysterious way disintegrated the value of the Gospels as a record of actual life. This was particularly the case with regard to the Fourth Gospel. Lord Charnwood's book shows quite conclusively that much of this 'advanced' criticism is — from the purely intellectual point of view — worthless, and that it is based on fallacies as elementary and crude as those upon which pseudo-intellectualism has relied in every other department of life during recent years. Much of the destructive reasoning has that strange childish eagerness, which often seems to beset a certain type of scholar, to say a new thing at the expense of truth, even though it involves the shutting of both eyes to ascertainable facts.

Lord Charnwood does not commit himself to the decision that the Fourth Gospel was actually the work of Saint John's own hand, either as a whole (which it is obviously not, in view of the last chapter), or even in part (which the evidence before him really more than sustains, allowing for an occasional interpolation). But, on the other hand, he makes it quite clear that there are certain limits, both with regard to the time and the manner of its composition, beyond which 'advanced' criticism cannot go, and that there is enough left, within these limits, to compel us to conclusions of immense importance. There is perhaps a touch of irony in the fact that these judicial conclusions are more definite, and more full of what may be called religious certainty, than those of the 'advanced' churchmen, after hearing one of whom preach against his own religion Mr. Thomas Hardy once said he would now go home and read that moderate man Voltaire.

Incidentally Lord Charnwood's book contains one of the wisest sayings to be encountered anywhere about the vaunted 'sincerity' of the easy skeptic. 'The first duty is to be sincere towards yourself and the world. *Only, since after all you are probably going to let*

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yourself off something on the ground of sincerity, be quite thorough with the sincerity. It is not at all easy.'

And again: 'In indifferent matters fashions are harmless things, and certainly there is no merit in eccentricity. But there are graver things in which not to stand upon one's own feet, but to seek first for the approval of those around us, is the surrender of all real self-respect. . . . The mere drift of the world sets at present away from all religion; at other times it has set, and may set again, in another direction; but it never set in favor of any great surrender of self to what is truest or best.'

It is in accordance with this view that, at the end of one of the most masterly essays on the subject that have come from a modern pen, the author says: 'I find myself, somewhat to my surprise, a very ordinary Christian in my beliefs. It has ceased to be a matter of doubt to me that there is a living God, and simultaneously with the passing of that doubt, I have come to believe that the nature of that living God was revealed to man in Jesus Christ.'

It is impossible, in the space at one's disposal, to do more than indicate the nature of Lord Charnwood's argument; but, in conclusion, one may call attention to his treatment of what I have called the strains of intellectual music in the Fourth Gospel. In his chapter on the literary characteristics of this Gospel, Lord Charnwood goes far toward establishing a new kind of 'higher criticism.' It has always seemed to me that definite results of a very remarkable nature are obtainable by the application to the sayings of Christ of the same kind of critical valuation that is applied — for æsthetic purposes — to Dante or Milton or Shakespeare. The stupendous nature of those utterances of Christ is at once manifest. There is not only a difference, but an infinite difference, between their beauty and that of any other words in the world: —

'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Who but a madman, or a being that felt himself to be possessed by Divine Power, could be responsible for those words, which are followed at once by the most amazing reversal of the rôles of God and man — a reversal that is in itself a kind of stooping to earth, a little verbal incarnation, typifying the whole process, an assertion, not of His Godhead, but of His lowliness of heart. It is as though some higher Being were trying to approach and soothe the fears of the wild creatures of the field and forest. 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.'

Mere poetic criticism reveals in these things something immeasurably greater than is to be found in the personal utterances of the greatest genius that earth has ever known. This difference in the tone and character of the words has to be accounted for; and Lord Charnwood's book is the best summing-up that has yet been made. 'The simple remark that "I speak as a child" or that I "see through a glass darkly" deprives of all logical force,' he says, 'those objections to Christianity which come from mere dissatisfaction with the fact that we know little.' He shows that at least we know enough to put the matter to a practical test, and that the test, when made, has been followed by real results of incalculable importance to the spiritual growth, both of individuals and of the race. The book — if it is read as widely as it ought to be — should have a great and salutary influence on contemporary thought.

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EPSTEIN AND MRS. PYM[1]

BY V. T. MURRAY

Mrs. Pym was modest by nature, a timid nervous little woman who treated the world at large as her intellectual superior. The very tradespeople with whom she dealt in her native village — Mrs. Pym was born in the country and had lived there during all the fifty-five years of her life — seemed to her wise all-seeing individuals, people who knew their job from A to Z, and made a success of life.

But from an intellectual standpoint only was Mrs. Pym a respecter of persons; intuitionally, subconsciously, if one may so speak, she felt that she had superior vision. Not that she would have admitted this for a moment; such an idea had never entered her head, and if questioned she might have said: 'Well, perhaps . . . it is true that I cannot agree with all the views that are commonly held, but that is because I *see* things differently, they don't *look* to me the same. But then,' she would have added, 'I am only an obscure person; I have never had to *get* anywhere or do anything in particular, like shining in society, or even earning my own living; I am just a little stone that has detached itself from the heap and fallen by the wayside.'

Intellectually, there was just one class of persons whom Mrs. Pym permitted herself to despise. These were the clergy. They appeared to her to batten upon the superstitious element in mankind, and Mrs. Pym was not superstitious. As a class only, however, did she despise them; individually she thought them charming people, with just the kind of manners she could herself have wished to possess.

Mrs. Pym read a great deal in an aimless sort of meandering way, as uneducated people will. She subscribed to a town library, and would get as many as four volumes down at a time — not reading them all at once, of course, but taking, so to speak, philosophy with her breakfast, history or science with her lunch, and, if so be that Fate, in the shape of a library assistant, had been kind, a readable novel to bed. It was rare, however, according to Mrs. Pym, to get hold of a readable novel nowadays, and very often she would put down the book that had sounded so enticing in its review and have recourse to her own shelves, where Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Trollope, and even Smollett, were to be found. For, be it whispered low, Mrs. Pym could not abide the ultra-moderns. She herself would have said that it was because she was not educated up to them; she would never have admitted that she belonged to a past age, when people said what they had to say in a plain straightforward manner, without leaving you to guess their meaning. But she adored Galsworthy and Wells, and she thought Maurice Hewlett's trilogy among the finest products of the age. Many others, too, she read with great pleasure. Mrs. Pym occasionally made special expeditions to London to

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *January* 30

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see Ibsen and Bernard Shaw played, but she came to the conclusion that, on the whole, the great dramatists could better be enjoyed in an armchair by the fireside than among an unsympathetic crowd. From this it will be seen that the good lady was not one of a 'group soul,' but rather, as she herself said, a little stone fallen by the wayside.

It happened in the late autumn of last year that Mrs. Pym was called to London on a matter of business. The selection of clothes is an event for a nervous shrinking little woman, and Mrs. Pym selected hers with care — not because she cared one whit for fashion, but because she had an aversion to attracting attention by appearing in any way peculiar.

In a well-made garment, then, the hem of which hung discreetly between calf and ankle — near enough to the ankle, if you can understand, for modesty, yet near enough to the calf for fashion; with a hat that was sufficiently like a pudding-basin to be up to date, yet not so much like a pudding-basin as to offend her æsthetic sense; and with a handbag and an umbrella, Mrs. Pym set off for town.

It was a still autumn day; the railway ran through fields and woods now glowing with color, the sky was deeply blue, and Mrs. Pym as she leaned comfortably back in the carriage with a cigarette between her lips — for Mrs. Pym had not been slow in seizing upon the rights of women — felt at peace with herself. Very soon she would be bustled and jostled, would have to pick her way among terrifying crowds, would have to run imminent risk of being crushed to death in the streets, and, above all, would be seized with the terrible lost feeling that London always gave her; but, for the moment, she could let herself dream. And Mrs. Pym was a great dreamer. She would, for instance, imagine a world populated by entirely beneficent beings, a world in which animals were not tortured, where men did not wage war upon each other, where there was no such thing as industrial unrest, because — well, Mrs. Pym had never made a study of political economy, so that her ideas were hazy on this point; but she felt sure that there ought to be a better way of managing things so that people, liberated from the grinding effort to keep body and soul together, or to pile up gold, might be free to live. That's it, thought Mrs. Pym; the world is dead, it's only playing at life, a sort of make-believe.

The train slowed to a final standstill, and as the carriages disgorged their passengers Mrs. Pym's dreams vanished abruptly. She found herself one with a moving stream of humanity. Two hours later, her business happily concluded, she was faced with the necessity of filling up time. Lunch would occupy part, but what then? There was always the National Gallery, of course, or the British Museum, but somehow Mrs. Pym felt disinclined for either of these on so beautiful an afternoon. A thought occurred to her — why should she not inspect the execrated Hudson Memorial? She would hate the thing, of course, for by all accounts only the very modern, and few of these, spoke a word in its favor; it would be interesting, however, to see that which had produced so universal a hymn of hate, and to note with her own eyes how Hudson's memory had been desecrated.

Mrs. Pym was, unfortunately, devoid of any bump of locality, so that even after having been deposited at the nearest Hyde Park entrance it took her some time, and not a few timid questionings, to find the Bird Sanctuary. Funny kinds of birds they must be, thought Mrs. Pym, who will choose a few grimy railed-in bushes when they

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have the freedom of the whole country.

Suddenly, turning a corner, she came upon the panel, and her first feeling was one of disappointment, for she had, ignorantly, expected a statue.

For full five minutes Mrs. Pym stood there behind the railing. The sun was rushing to its decline, and shadows cut across the torso, making it look even more disproportionate than it would otherwise have done. 'Of course,' said Mrs. Pym to herself, 'I don't like it; who would? *That* Rima! The beautiful fairylike Rima! Why, there's no beauty even . . . such hands! I was told about the hands. Out of *all* proportion. And the face . . . beauty! It might be that of an Egyptian Pharaoh.'

But still Mrs. Pym continued to gaze even after she had told herself that Hudson's Rima and Egyptian carving were in a different category. Something arrested — and held. If not beauty, then what? 'I don't know,' she murmured, half aloud, 'I don't *know* whether I like it or not.'

Mrs. Pym's watch told her that she still had an hour to spare before she need catch her train, and, walking leisurely away, she decided to sit for a while on one of the green chairs and watch the riders in the Row. A beautiful afternoon, indeed, when even, as Mrs. Pym was forced to admit, the simulacrum of God's open spaces in the heart of the biggest city in the world was invested with glamour. Soft wistful sunshine, a kind of brooding stillness, mysterious purple distances . . . only if silly little dogs and dressed-up children, and prancing horses — prancing on purpose to show off, thought Mrs. Pym disdainfully — had not obtruded themselves. And then she realized that she was n't thinking of any of these things at all, but of something strong and free and vital, something much more alive than the armchair riders, something that drew her in spite of herself. Leaving her chair suddenly, Mrs. Pym hurried back to the Bird Sanctuary.

That face, eagerly stretching forward — no, in spite of the fact that circumscribed space flattened the head, giving it an almost wooden aspect, it was too eager, too alive to be ugly; the large left hand inviting birds to perch on it — too large, of course, but a beautiful, most beautiful hand; the sway of the body, its expression of rhythm . . . what did it mean exactly, what had the artist in mind? Not an embodiment of Rima, the light, the airy, though she might be there too, but something greater, vaster, more eternal. Surely here, carved from a single block raised out of the womb of the earth, was the type of Mother Earth herself, — Hathor, the giver of life, the fruitful one, — the spirit of Love as embodied in all nature.

Mrs. Pym's heart beat faster than usual as she finally walked rapidly away with the object of reaching the station. She was excited as real live things were apt to excite her; and as she made her way through the Oxford Street crowds, who seemed to have nothing more purposeful in life than to gaze at models in shop windows which they did their best to imitate, she felt that Epstein's symbolism had more value than anything else she had seen in London that day.

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THE MUSIC AND THE MAN[1]

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

[MR. NEWMAN, one of the most distinguished of English music critics, is the author of a standard biography of Wagner.]

THE musical public has queer little ways of its own; and in nothing is it queerer than in the varying attitudes it adopts toward the question of the connection between a man and his music. Does a biographer depict his hero as a saint in a stained-glass window, all the world grows lyrical over the beauty of the portrait, and thanks God for yet another demonstration that supremely good music can be written only by a supremely good man. Does a later biographer, using documents of which his predecessor either did not know or which, knowing them well, he thought it policy to garble or suppress, suggest that the hero was just like the rest of us, a mixture of good and bad, of heroism and baseness, of generosity and meanness, all the world cries out that we have no right to pry into the mundane life of a great artist, and that anyhow his life has nothing to do with his art, or his art with his life. Would it help us to understand the B Minor Mass better, we are asked in tones of magisterial reproof, if a document were discovered to-morrow proving that, while the rector of St. Thomas's Church was in the cellar drawing beer for the cantor, the latter had kissed the rector's servant-girl?

The current confusion of ideas on the subject comes from people not recognizing that it has several sides to it. First of all, since we must have biographies of composers, we may as well have truthful ones; and I have suggested that we are more likely to get the sober truth from a nonmusical biographer, such as Thayer, than from one who, like Ashton Ellis in the case of Wagner, or Romain Rolland in the case of Beethoven, cannot see the man clearly because he looks at him through the romantic heat-haze of the fine music that surrounds him. Let us have one thing or the other, either a true account of the man or no account at all; but do not let us say that because Beethoven wrote the Ninth Symphony it is right for a biographer to tell how kind he was to his nephew, but wrong to tell how he fibbed over the state of his finances in the latter years.

Secondly, when the truthful biography is done, another question arises — to what extent the man's life bears upon the artist's work. The extremists who say that the two are inseparably bound up together at every point, that the man is the music and the music the man, that everything he writes is an unconscious record of his experience, and the other extremists who say that the composer's life as an artist is lived in an ideal world that runs concurrently with his life as a man but has no relation of cause or effect to it, seem to me to be equally wrong. They both leave out of consideration the infinite diversity of human nature. There are, at the one ex-

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London pro-French Sunday paper), *February 7*

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treme, artists whose work would have been fundamentally different had they lived another life. No one, I fancy, will have the hardihood to contend that the great 129th sonnet of Shakespeare, or Oscar Wilde's sonnet, 'To drift with every passion till my soul,' did not come out of definite personal experience of sensuality and the revulsion from them.

At the other extreme we have artists, like Mozart, in whom, broadly speaking, the material life and the artistic life seem to be lived in different worlds. MM. Wyzewa and Saint-Foix, in their masterly study of Mozart's development, have rightly insisted upon this characteristic of his. There is this great difference, they say, 'between the genius of a Mozart and that of a Rembrandt or a Beethoven, that the innumerable and touching episodes of the interior drama of a Mozart come from external musical impulses.' He was extremely susceptible to musical influences, and under this or that of them his 'real' life would take this or that turn for the moment. Women were for him the realization, or fancied realization, of an ideal conceived musically. 'We must remember that the mistresses who one by one fascinated and subjugated him for the moment were not the banal creatures commemorated by the biographers, the Madame Duscheks or the Aloysia Webers, but, so to speak, the noble muses evoked before his eyes by the works of a Johann Christoph Bach, a Schubert, a Michael Haydn.' Take just a little off this perhaps too thoroughgoing statement, and the essential truth of it is indisputable. There remains a third type of artist, in which the work and the man are often so different that it is hard to see any spiritual connection between them. The supreme example of this type is Wagner. Mozart, after all, was like his music, even if his life appears to come out of his music rather than his music out of his life; but it is difficult to see the composer of *Tristan* and *Parsifal* in the man we know Wagner to have been. I would not say that there is no connection, but only that our psychological instruments at present are too clumsy to detect it.

It is probably, in the last analysis, a mistake to suppose that in the majority of cases the man's art is *influenced* by his life. The truer explanation would seem to be that the art and the life are just two ways that the same personality has of expressing itself. Even when we point to the susceptibility of Mozart to outer musical influences, do we not forget that a man can be 'influenced' only by what he is constituted from his birth to assimilate, so that, while apparently the influence moulds him, fundamentally it is he who instinctively, unconsciously, selects this particular influence from a hundred others? We thus come back to the sort of determinism expressed in Pascal's memorable phrase, 'You would not have sought me unless you had already found me.' In one sense, Liszt's early life as the pet of fashionable drawing rooms was responsible for his lack, not only of technical groundwork, — apart, of course, from the piano, — but of intellectual foundations; he sniffed at every flower, sipped at every cup, but got the full odor and the full flavor of none. But viewing the facts from the other angle, can we not as truly say that it was not his life that made him a trifle superficial and showy, but a basic showiness and shallowness of soul that made him touch all sorts of surfaces without getting beneath any of them?

How the one fundamental quality of a man works through both his life and his art is clearly seen, I think, in the case of Beethoven. No one can deny that there was a vein of something like

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stupidity running through the gold of his genius; his life affords many illustrations of it. His art shows here and there a similar slowness of apprehension. Look at his sketchbooks and see the really inept form in which some of his ideas first occurred to him, afterward to be purified and shaped by a seemingly almost mechanical application of the file and the hammer, and you will understand better the dullness of his wits on many an occasion in his outer life.

And is not the ethical quality of his music, both at its best and at its worst, paralleled in his daily talk and action? Occasionally he rose to the utmost moral grandeur in both spheres. At other times he remained, in both, only a tiresome moral platitudinarian, the preacher of sermons without a touch of genius in expression. He was far too much given to assuming an air of moral superiority over others; it is to this trait in him that we can attribute much of his lack of success in his dealings with his brother's widow, who, let us remember in justice to her, saw him not as we see him, as the giant musician who bestrode two epochs of art, but only as a rather arrogant, disagreeable, ill-mannered, and self-opinionated old man who, having notoriously made anything but a success of his own life, thought himself qualified to tell other people how they should run theirs.

And of how many of his slow movements are we not tired now, with how many are we not disillusioned, because we recognize in them, not the moral profundity he was aiming at, but only a moral purpose expressed in terms of commonplace? Here, surely, is a clear case, not of the man's life influencing his art or vice versa, but of the art and the life both being the unconscious expression of a certain prenatal bias. And we should probably find correspondences of the same kind in other composers did we study their lives and their work closely and penetratingly enough.

'T IS WELL

BY ROBERT HERRING

[*London Mercury*]

I HAVE had two months' happiness this year.
And I shall have, if I live on for near
Another fifty, two I may not shrink
From in remembering, of threescore. And still
This modest, unassuming estimate
Supposes that my powers do not abate,
Soul leaden, nor taste cripple till I die.

If life were offered us ere birth, I think,
At such a rate we should not dare to buy.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

APPLAUSE IN THE THEATRE

SHOULD applause be tolerated in the theatre at all, and, if so, how much of it, and when? Is this kind of overt approval necessary, first, to the audience as an expression of its feelings, and, second, to the performers as an incitement to good acting? Is it as fitting as applause at a baseball game, or as inappropriate as applause after a sermon? Is a demonstration after each act, when the curtain has fallen, sufficient, or must the actors — as is generally the case — be applauded on their first entrance and on as many occasions during the play as the audience sees fit to respond?

These questions are raised by a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* from 'An Old Playgoer,' who protests against all hand-clapping and the like except at the end of acts, and who has been answered by a chorus of eminent dramatists, players, and managers, most of whom differ from him decisively. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, for instance, holds that, objectionable as applause is from an æsthetic point of view, it is 'the only way by which an audience can communicate its appreciation of an artist.' Yet the same limitation must be felt by many pulpit orators, and there is no reason to believe that, in the cant phrase, it has cramped their style. What, on that score, is the effect on movie actors of their removal from an approving and demonstrative audience? The Devil's advocate, of course, might have much to say in answer!

Seriously, however, it may be asked why immediate and audible applause is more indispensable to one class of artist than to another — to actors than, for example, poets and cabinetmakers. If it is answered that these latter can always contemplate their handiwork *ex post facto*, as no actor can, and *imagine* an applauding spectator, it can only be objected that imaginary applause must at the best be pretty cold comfort. Perhaps the only solution to the puzzle is to say that, as the movies themselves demonstrate, applause is essential as an outlet to the audience's emotions, not as a reassurance to the performers. We must not believe that actors as a class are in unique need of approval.

A letter to the *Telegraph* from Mr. Bernard Shaw gives expression to characteristically unambiguous views on the subject: —

'As far as serious work in the theatre is concerned, I should put applause during the performance on the footing of brawling in church.

'The first condition of an artistic performance is that the players should be able to forget the audience and the audience to forget itself. The moment the audience makes an uproar, and the players are compelled to stop and wait until silence is restored, there is an end of the artistic conditions which have been established in the uninterrupted silence of rehearsal with great care and labor. Also, the time occupied by the entire performance is being prolonged, which means, if the play is timed at

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rehearsal to the classical and popular limit of from three hours to three hours and a half, that the end of the play is spoiled, because half the audience is agonizing about its last train or bus, instead of listening free from care, which is the only condition in which a play can be enjoyed.

'One of the great services that wireless is rendering to mankind is that it is accustoming performers to do without applause, and at the same time making an audience hear what a horrid noise it makes; for, when an opera is broadcast, not from the studio, but from the theatre, the applause at the fall of the curtain comes as a detestable and unbearable din from a den of savages. People are at last beginning to understand why Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch at his concerts asks the audience not to clap, on the simple ground that it makes a disagreeable noise and shatters the impression made by the music.

'The only entertainments at which loud laughter and applause should be countenanced are those which have laughter and applause for their object. Therefore, what I have said does not apply to clowning or to political oratory. As you pay a clown to make you laugh, it would be ridiculous to deprive yourself of the thing you have paid for. At political meetings no man would dare to talk as political orators are expected to do (I am one myself) unless the audience encouraged him and intoxicated itself by dervishlike uproar and antics. But when a drama is being enacted, no matter how amusing it may be, there should be no applause; and the actors should never appear out of character to take calls.

'As to the customary author's call, it is an outrage, because the audience should never remember — indeed, the happiest playgoers do not know — that there is an author at all.'

DRAMATIC UNREST IN DUBLIN

DUBLIN takes its drama seriously, — as something more than 'art,' — if no other city in the world does. A performance of Mr. Sean O'Casey's new play, *The Plough and the Stars*, at the Abbey Theatre recently was attended by a riot in which a crowd of angry women — presumably Republican sympathizers — rushed upon the stage to protest against the author's representation of the events of Easter Week 1916, and were quelled only by the stern authority of Mr. William Butler Yeats and the appearance of the police. This scene took place on the fourth night of the play's career, after increasing unrest on the previous evenings, and was a tribute both to Mr. O'Casey's powers as a playwright and to his Free State loyalties. His earlier play, *Juno and the Paycock*, dealt in the most severely realistic terms with the life of the poor in Dublin, and *The Plough and the Stars* appears to be an equally pitiless treatment of civil war.

'From the point of view of construction,' writes a correspondent of Mr. Stephen Gwynn's, quoted in the *Observer*, 'it is an improvement on *Juno* in that the comedy and tragedy are not so hopelessly confused, though it is still formless. The first two acts are sheer comedy, the third, — in the street in Easter Week, — a blend of the horror of fighting and the humors of looting, and the last, tragedy almost unrelieved. The finest character is a drunken old woman, sympathizer with "Shinners."

'I have said that the play was formless. What it really reminds me of is a Shakespeare chronicle play, and it had much the same effect on us as *Henry V* must have had when it was first produced. We felt as if we were reliving the past. O'Casey is Shakespearean too in his general sympathy. He sees

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through his Bardolph, his Nym, — who now rants about "the rights of the proletariat," — and his Pistol; but he lets them have certain qualities. Even the Tommies are fairly treated.'

'The last act of *The Plough and the Stars*,' says the *Irish Statesman*, 'is the biggest thing Mr. O'Casey has done yet; it is so sincere, so direct, so purged of rhetoric and sentimentality, that it reaches the level of great tragedy. And it rises to tragedy on account of its human appeal. The slightest extra touch and it would become Adelphi melodrama. There is hardly another dramatist who could work up that scene between the mad woman and Mrs. Burgess without making it grotesquely hideous. But Mr. O'Casey held his audience spellbound and produced on them the true Aristotelian katharsis.' When dramatic critics resort in this way to the names of Shakespeare and Aristotle, we may be sure something is up.

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ECHOES FROM THE RIVIERA

THE French press was naturally jubilant over the victory of Mlle. Lenglen on the Riviera. *Liberté* suggested that the Legion of Honor should be awarded to the French champion, as it has been to many other famous leaders of sport. The *Temps* called the match a world event, of which the importance cannot be exaggerated. The English press was naturally more impartial, without being inclined to regard the outcome as anything but predictable. 'Some day,' says the *Morning Post*, — 'may it be far distant! — Mlle. Lenglen will have to yield her laurels to the cold and calculating concentration of an American or Anglo-Saxon rival. But she will always be remembered as the greatest and at the same time the most feminine artist of the mystic green space crisscrossed by white lines, wherein personality can be expressed in terms of poetic action.'

The same journal adds that 'we must not forget to give our heartiest congratulations to Miss Helen Wills, who in one point of the game, at any rate, — severity of hitting, — excelled her opponent and made a glorious fight of the match, winning nine games in the two sets.' 'Miss Helen Wills is to be congratulated,' says the *Westminster Gazette*, 'on having played very skillfully and very pluckily at Cannes yesterday against the greatest woman player lawn-tennis has yet known, but when that has been done we may with advantage ask ourselves whether their meeting has been to the advantage or to the disadvantage of the game.' The atmosphere of commercial rivalry that was built up round the match this paper regards as wholly deplorable.

'A good many people,' agrees the *Daily Telegraph*, 'will regret that the modern transformation of lawn-tennis into a spectacular game has produced this hectic publicity. Apart from temperamental disturbance, there could be no question of equality between the rivals. Miss Helen Wills is classed by the experts as a brilliant player with obvious weaknesses. Mlle. Lenglen, it is agreed, is one of those supremely competent players who are produced only at long intervals. That Miss Wills should have won as many games as the score shows would suggest that she was playing at the top of her form; and we are told that she made an even better fight than the figures imply.'

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WALTER DE LA MARE AS AN EDITOR

'WALTER DE LA MARE has done many surprising things in his fifty-odd years,' says a writer in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, 'but I doubt if anyone knows that he once owned and edited a paper. It was in the nineties when De La

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Mare groaned in the servitude of a big international oil-concern whose offices were situated in the Far East of the City. He occupied a stool in the head cashier's room.

'He was even then a poet. It was currently reported in office gossip that he spent more of his working-days in writing verses than in the furtherance of the company's interests. But his official superior was a man of an infinite complaisance, who winked at his colleague's literary lapses.

'The De La Mare of those days not only wrote poetry, but looked the poet. In a period when the City clerk nearly choked himself in his high collar and wore his hair close-clipped, De La Mare

WALTER DE LA MARE
[Westminster Gazette]

affected a low turndown collar with a flowing black bow of the type associated with French students in the Latin Quarter. His abundant, wavy hair flowed over his neck in hirsute waves. His headgear was of the black wide-awake character with a broad flat brim, such as is still favored in Chelsea. Altogether he presented an appearance too picturesque to escape notice in the environs of Billiter Avenue and Fenchurch Street. Busy City men would turn to take another glance at the strange apparition, and daring street boys would offer — from a safe distance — the traditional price of a hair-cut.

'By and by De La Mare projected a monthly magazine to be circulated among the staff of the company. The periodical did not outlive its second issue. He was editor and publisher, and wrote most of the contents, his contributions comprising a story and several poems in each number. One fellow clerk enriched the magazine with a short story, and another with a number of drawings.

'The paper was produced by means of one of those gelatinous multiplying contrivances. Each copy, bound in an artistic cover of brown paper, cost sixpence. The first number had a success of curiosity, and the sales met the cost of production. But with the second issue interest dwindled, one of his contributors having accepted a journalistic post in Fleet Street; and De La Mare, left to himself, grew weary of daubing his fingers with violet ink, and retired from his editorial chair. Shortly afterward he shook the soot of the City from his hat-brim and set his face resolutely toward Parnassus.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Things That Have Interested Me: Third Series, by Arnold Bennett. London: Chatto and Windus; New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

A CONSIDERABLE number of people are now acquainted with Mr. Arnold Bennett. They know him as a writer of novels, some of them surprisingly good, all of them so readable that the knowledge that a new one is to appear is an event full of the subtlest anticipatory pleasures. They know him, perhaps, as a dramatist with a general flair for the least common multiple of every man's taste. A smaller number remember his delightful series of articles on books and persons; and more recently he has discovered a vast number of admirers in his rôle of journalist. For what is the journalist? Mr. Bennett says, 'The daily paper is a daily miracle,' and he would have a newspaper give at intervals an 'account of this or that branch of its organization,' holding that 'no feature could be more popular.' But the newspaper is a miracle because the journalist has to be miraculous. His interests have to be universal, and they have to be kept fresh and youthful whatever be his age, merely reckoned in years. Terence was proclaiming himself one of the earliest members of the profession when he said that he recognized every mortal thing as a part of him.

And so, when Mr. Bennett sets out to tell us the *Things That Have Interested Me*, he establishes his claim to be reckoned with Terence and the rest. It is, however, with something of surprise that the reader will discover that he has written a gloss upon Terence. He says, in effect, 'I 'm an Englishman, and therefore everything English is a part of me.' He carries this incurable Englishman with him through all his interests. He is there in the genial patronage of Christ. He does not find much feminine beauty in Spain, but in 'Anglo-Saxon countries.' . . . And as for men: 'At his physical best the Englishman is held to be without a rival in form, carriage, and distinction.' Notice the subtle touch 'is held'; but it is clear from the context that Mr. Bennett is one of the holders. He thinks English plays are second to none. Paris cannot claim to have an equal number of plays of real interest at any given moment, and the plays of New York 'are certainly no better than English plays.' Of course, 'the most dramatic dramatist that ever lived' was English! The picturesque in Spain is given the genial discount that 'the slums of Liverpool and New York Broadway are just as picturesque as a street in Seville — if you know how to look at them!'

Naturally, Mr. Bennett knows how to look. He is even a defender of table manners: 'The Englishman's ritual at table is the finest in the world' . . . and if he 'sits in sackcloth and ashes for the British educational system' (note 'British' now, not 'English'), he maintains that it 'does, better than most other systems, successfully teach freedom combined with respect for law.' All this is very pleasant and comforting; and it is jolly, too, to find him breaking the heads of the dramatic critics, attacking those who impeach the English of the journalist, confessing that a pretty woman is the finest sight in the world, holding that murderers' confessions ought to be published, and writing a new Sermon on the Mount. Beauty, wealth, special intellectual equipment, love, work, the acquirement of knowledge, and children, he suggests, may all be supreme satisfactions; but not all are open to all, not all remain. And he suggests the 'exercise of benevolence' as the satisfaction which is equally open to all, and it may be the best of them.

The Oldest God, by Stephen McKenna. London: Thornton Butterworth; Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. $2.50.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

WE have come to accept Mr. McKenna as the authorized chronicler of the smart set and the vices of fashion; and upon occasions it has been found necessary to disagree with the results of his researches, to minimize the importance of that section of England of which he has constituted himself the historian, and in general to point out that society is perhaps not so black as he paints it. He is apparently still unregenerately devoted to his old topics, but apparently also he has his doubts, for in this novel he endeavors to shift the responsibilities for the indiscretions of society on to the back of Pan, the least social of the ancient gods. Such a device, while it avoids directly accusing young England of an innate propensity for viciousness, also has the merit of opening a wider field of action. With Pan nothing is probable and all things are possible. Mr. McKenna makes the most of it, and introduces

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us to a house party in an ancient castle rented by a modern American. The conversation at dinner turns on the value of Christianity, — society cannot be so decadent if its dinner-table conversations are always on this high plane, — and hard upon a majority vote of no confidence in modern religion enters the mysterious Stranger.

Then things begin to happen. With the exception of four persons, and those the four most skeptical of Christianity, the whole party reverts to the state most natural to the various individuals. In this connection we should like to ask why the effects of this demoniac invasion were limited to the guests and did not spread to the servants. Was Pan a snob, among his other failings? Or was he a social reformer intent on delivering a lesson where it was most needed? Perhaps so; for the mysterious Stranger, if he is meant to be Pan, exhibits a strange humanity and a strange respect for the conventions of society. In the end, of course, the fatal influence wanes, and all ends — well, not happily, but in the courts at the instance of one of the ex-devotees who considers herself libeled as to her conduct in the affair. But it is rather unfair that Kingsbury and Professor Shapland, who with their wives were most responsible for the gallant defense against paganism, should be involved in the general disgrace attached to the case. Is this Mr. McKenna's punishment of them for not conforming to the usages of society?

Gifts of Sheba, by W. L. George. London: Chapman and Hall; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

THE appearance of this novel almost coincides with the lamented death of its author, a circumstance which renders the task of the reviewer somewhat difficult. Mr. George has been described as the novelist who understood women; but all the women here are thoroughly unpleasant. The guiding principle of their lives is complete selfishness, — the same is true equally of the men, — and their explanations of themselves are cynically frank. Isabel's adventures in matrimony and the effort to realize in its bonds her own personality form the subject of the novel, and are described in somewhat painful detail. That she mated herself with men who were entirely unsuited to her may explain but scarcely excuses her reactions, which are expounded till she becomes far more a case than a living, breathing human being. For chorus and for an extraordinarily far-fetched exploit as *deus ex machina*, Mr. George has invented the particularly unpleasant Hallam, who breeds pet mice, with which he feeds his cat as a symbolic representation of how the world goes round, and eventually murders Isabel's second and crippled husband, not for love of Isabel, but from a knowledge that she desires him and morbid psychological curiosity to see how she will respond to him. There are all types in the world, and Mr. George may have written from personal observation, but it seems a waste of opportunity to have observed people whose unpleasantness is equaled only by their insignificance. The genuine gifts of style, description, and analysis he brought to his task only make the regret more keen that the subject was so unworthy.

Euterpe, or The Future of Art, by Lionel R. McColvin. London: Kegan Paul; New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

[*Saturday Review*]

IN this new volume of the 'To-day and To-morrow' series, Mr. McColvin discusses briefly, but very suggestively, the problem of the future of art in relation to the public. He is not concerned with the line along which artistic creation will develop, except in so far as he believes it will be influenced by sociological and other extraneous circumstances. His main concern is rather with the lines along which artistic appreciation will develop. He points out that there are many new considerations in this connection that arise out of the vast reproductive machinery that we now have at our command — the gramophone, wireless, cheap print, cheap color-processes, and so forth. He argues that these mechanical innovations do already, and will still more in the future, affect the quality and relative quantities of artistic output; and he further shows how these very mechanical innovations bring the commercial question to the fore, as it has never been, in connection with art. This summary will convey how widely important are Mr. McColvin's conclusions, and how much material for discussion, assimilation, and disagreement he has managed to pack into so small a space.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

CHARNWOOD, LORD. *According to Saint John.* Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. (An Atlantic Monthly Publication.) $3.50.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Mary Glenn, by Sarah G. Millin. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

'RESTRAINT,' 'economy,' 'severity,' are the kind of epithets that suggest themselves most involuntarily in the reading of a novel like this — a novel in which the slow protracted movement of the growth of personality and the complex processes of conflict between personalities are swiftly and summarily rehearsed in two hundred brief pages. The question sometimes suggests itself whether what passes for economy may not rather be inadequacy, and whether 'restraint' may not be less applicable than 'oversimplification'; and the author of *Mary Glenn* may be open to the charge of having attacked a psychological problem too elusive to be fully presented to us in these extremely thrifty terms. Nevertheless, the problem is one that it is impossible not to accept as valid, and there is no insincerity, no literary falsity, in the way in which it is developed. A streak of shallow snobbery in the character of a woman otherwise admirable leads her to marry for one of the worst of reasons, and dooms her to an ineffectual life on the South African veldt when she might, with a happier outcome, have married the man who really loved her. The effect upon her life and her husband's of a grimly tragic culmination to all this is set forth with genuine austerity and unmistakable narrative skill. Probably too little is, on the whole, told us — but who rises to protest that this is not preferable to too much?

Renoir: An Intimate Record, by Ambroise Vollard. Authorized translation by Harold L. VanDoren and Randolph T. Weaver. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $3.00.

IN 1874 the Paris exhibition of 'The Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers' gave birth to the so-called Impressionist school. Renoir exhibited, but he had no use whatever for the vast amount of artistic claptrap there engendered. The reader doffs his hat to this serious-minded ex-china-painter of Limoges, absorbed in his profession, yet eminently sane; in the front rank of a new school of French painting, yet modest and dignified. Vollard, the indefatigable, his biographer, knew his stuff and talked shop persistently, but Renoir ripped through the stock phrases and textbook theories with lively impatience. He had assimilated the work of the great artists of the past, and, fully equipped, had thrown himself into his work with devotion and intelligence. Vollard is a sly fellow. He repotrs with unction a luncheon conversation between Renoir and the great Rodin. All the paraphernalia of greatness adorn the brow of the 'Victor Hugo of sculpture.' Renoir has little or nothing to say. As a faithful record of a remarkable personality, the book is admirable. It contains much interesting talk concerning the impressionist painters and their predecessors.

Essays on Life, by A. Clutton-Brock. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1926. $2.00.

ALTHOUGH there is much that is personal and charming, there is nothing that is new or original in any of these essays. The titles give a pretty fair idea of the book: 'On Popularity,' in which the author decides that there are two kinds of popularity — personal and long-distance; 'On Irreconcilables,' in which we are assured that the pacifist who goes to jail for his convictions is a finer man than the draft-dodger. 'When Voltaire Came to Heaven,' and 'The Temptation' are more pretentious, but then they are heavier-footed. To those who enjoy hearing old truths and ancient whimsies agreeably exploited, this little book may be recommended.

Chains, by Henri Barbusse. New York: International Publishers. $4.00.

Chains is a novel of evolution and metempsychosis. It follows the various and varied lives of a single man from the glacial period to 1924. No one can deny that the subject is epic, that it has vast possibilities, and that if it were presented well it would furnish an exceedingly imposing background for development. But *Chains* is no stronger than its weakest link, and unfortunately that link is the author himself. One would suppose that evolution and change would be dealt with in a consecutive fashion, that there would be a wholeness that would give force. The story, — or description, — however, is so incoherent that one is only dizzied by jumbled facts and impressions. Evolution is, after all, a law and not a revue. M. Barbusse's irritating mannerisms resemble those of Waldo Frank, and with the majority of readers this is not in his favor. Mr. Guest has our admiration for undertaking the translation of so forced a piece of writing.

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

March 27, 1926

WHY AMERICA PROSPERS. What gives this report its peculiar authoritativeness? Criticize any of the explanations of our prosperity that seem to you unsound. Can you suggest any not mentioned here? How many of the American methods cited could be adopted at will by any other country in the world?

IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE. Identify: Félix Faure, Giolitti, Pašič, M. Fallières, Grishka Rasputin. Analyze the effect of the Turko-Italian War on France's relations with Russia. Explain: 'Equilibrium and peace! These were the steadfast objects of the French Government.'

HOW TO MAKE THE YANKEE HARMLESS. What feature of Latin-American Governments complicates the problem of relations with the United States? Outline and criticize the methods suggested here for checking the economic expansion of that nation in South America. Does the example of Spanish experience throw a light on the problems of Spanish America?

LORD CHARNWOOD ON SAINT JOHN. What are the author's conclusions as to the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel? Comment upon his analysis.

THE MUSIC AND THE MAN. How much weight should be given to biographical facts in judging the artistic work of a musician? Does this apply in other arts? Expand the references to the lives of Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt, and Wagner.

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

Ready April 10

NEW ENGLAND IN THE REPUBLIC

(1776-1850)

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Author of

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JAMES AND THOMASON: FASCINATING FIGURES, STIRRING STORY-TELLERS

BORN in a covered wagon in Montana, the son of a Texas cowboy, Will James has been working for cattle outfits since he was 14.

* * *

In the April Scribner's Magazine begins Will James's story of "Smoky — A One-Man Horse." He embellishes it with his remarkable pictures.

* * *

In case you think we are thundering too much in the index, listen to these:

Laurence Stallings, in the New York World: "His prose style suggests, at times, an anecdote by Will Rogers put into writing by Ring Lardner. . . He is not writing language, he is writing living speech."

Herschel Brickell in the Bookman: "His drawings are as chock full of action as an outlaw pony upon the touch of the hated spur; as vigorously alive as a young bronc on a frosty morning. His ponies leap and bellow and squeal; they nearly jump out of the pages."

* * *

Doesn't that sound like the real thing to you?

* * *

This April number of Scribner's Magazine gives us the long looked-for opportunity to talk about John Thomason and Will James together.

* * *

Both are artists with the gift of rhythm and realism, both write the free and rich vernacular of their calling, both have received tremendous receptions from the readers of Scribner's Magazine.

And in the April Scribner's, led by Will James's Smoky story, John Thomason publishes a significant tale.

* * *

He, Captain of the U. S. Marine Corps, whose fame grows by leaps and bounds because of his magnificent stories of Marines in the war, here writes a quiet and beautiful and touching story of "Mail Day" on board the U. S. S. *Rochester* "five thousand miles from anywhere."

* * *

The *Rochester* took General Pershing to South America for the Tacna-Arica negotiations. Captain Thomason was in command of the Marine guard on board. "Mail Day" is a picture of the ship at anchor off the coast of Chile while Pershing ashore tried vainly to effect an agreement.

* * *

The curious reason why Dr. Jameson disobeyed orders and threw himself, figuratively, into the soup is a part of the fascinating narrative by John Hays Hammond in the same number. Mark Twain's visit to him in prison is another.

* * *

Add three excellent stories, John Galsworthy's dashing novel, and these articles — "The Small-Town Banker Puts on Knickers" by Will Rose; "A Critical Credo" by Mary Colum, and "Religion and the Instalment Plan" — and you have the most entertaining magazine of the month.

* * *

It has a flavor all its own. Its keepers work at 597 Fifth Ave., New York, and it's $4 a year.

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